

A REVEALING ARTICLE FOR MEN

WHAT IS YOUR REAL SEXUAL AGE?

ADVENTURE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE OF EXCITING FICTION AND FACT

STILL
ONLY
25¢
FEB.

AN AMAZING TRUE ADVENTURE

**They Were Fearsome Animal Women
AND THEY LUSTED FOR MY LIFE!**

THE CITY WHERE SIN IS KING
MACAO—GATEWAY TO HELL



BOTTLED

The forbidden place—where
you can buy a girl—or a
Death—cheap page 16

HAL STEEGER, Editorial Director
P. GRAVES, Picture Editor
BRUCE CASSIDAY, Fiction Editor
DICK ADLER, Non-Fiction Editor
LARRY WENDLER, Asst. Editor

JACK LEVINE, Art Director
BERNARD WHITE, Executive Art Director
E. KRAUS, Art Assistant
D. SCHWARTZ, Cartoon Editor
L. LUCKE, Editorial Assistant

- A famous hunter's last brush
with the worst of jungle
killers page 24

-

- The little dish that suits almost any man's palate—and loves it! page 3

"Today I kill a gringo
señor. Better come out fight."

-

-

THE LOCKER ROOM	Dick Adler
CAMP FIRE	
ASK ADVENTURE	
ASK ADVENTURE EXPERTS	
MEN'S MART	

Any resemblance between any character in fictional matter and any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and unintentional.

ADV. REPRESENTATIVES

Wilson & Stark, 40 East 50th St., New York, N. Y.
Harley L. Ward, Inc., 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Townsend Millapp & Co., 199 So. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Townsend Millapp & Co., 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

ADVENTURE is published bi-monthly by New Publications, Inc., at 265 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. History classes are available from John McVie & Company, Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing office, Canham, Ohio. Copyright © 1981, by New Publications, Inc. This issue is published semimonthly in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under Universal International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part without permission. Subscriptions: \$15.00 per year (Canada, \$15.00 for 12 issues); \$1.00 per year additional in Canada and all other countries. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and Canadian Trade Marks Office. Address all correspondence to New Publications, Inc., 265 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Wherever possible, articles, editorials, and book reviews will be accepted for consideration. Manuscripts must be typed double spaced, on one side of the paper, and no responsibility is assumed for their return. Printed in U.S.A.

IN good times or bad, the man with "know-how" is always in demand. Now, in this fast-moving age of electronics, missiles, automation and nuclear science, mathematics is a "must" for men who want to get ahead. A knowledge of mathematics will open up wonderful opportunities for YOU as a designer, draftsman, superintendent, foreman, technician, inspector, statistician or engineer. In fact, the man with a training in mathematics can practically "write his own ticket."

You need mathematics to work with the complex technical requirements of most modern developments and manufacturing processes. Without a working knowledge of algebra, trigonometry and geometry, even the most capable man can be left behind while others forge ahead to bigger, higher-paying jobs. Don't be

If purchased individually, these five volumes would cost you \$2.95 each or a total of \$14.75. But, if you order them now, as a set, you will receive the entire course - all five volumes - for only \$2.85 down and \$3 a month for three months—a substantial saving!

You don't have to send a single penny! Just mail the coupon and we will rush you all five of these home-study books to examine free, in your own home, for ten days. Unless you are absolutely convinced that this course in book form is exactly what you need to master mathematics, you may return the books and owe nothing. Otherwise keep them and send the easy payments indicated in the coupon. Take advantage of this opportunity today. Mail the coupon now to **D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., Dept. 341, 120 Alexander St., Princeton, N. J. (Est. 1848.)**

*A complete course and reference library,
by Prof. J. E. Thompson, B.S., in E.E.,
A.M., Pratt Institute, New York, N. Y.*

*A complete course and reference library,
by Prof. J. E. Thompson, B.S., in E.E.,
A.M., Pratt Institute, New York, N. Y.*

ALGEBRA: How algebra can save you time and money with commutative everyday problems. Covers: fractions, logarithms, probability, Euler's rule, powers, roots, etc. Examines hundreds of applications involving machines, autos, engines, ships and planes. 320 pages.

GEOMETRY. Common-sense instructions on working with angles, cubes, spheres, planes, solids; figuring diameter and circumference; estimating materials needed for areas and solids; figuring volume, capacity, hundreds of other practical problems. 122 pages.

TRIGONOMETRY. Shows you how to solve virtually any problem in surveying, mechanics, astronomy, navigation. Simple instructions on finding height of a building, exact course of a ship or plane; calculations involving construction of buildings, bridges, dams; cutting of gears—and other uses that can improve your earning power.

CALCULUS. Computing speed, velocity, rate of increase or decrease, minimum and maximum limits, integral formulas, functions, derivatives. How to find the most efficient design for any mechanism, engine or moving vehicle; analyze sales figures and production charts; figure problems in statistics, insurance, physics, electricity, radio, and much more. 318 pages.

**Can you spare
10 minutes a day?**

That's all it takes, with the aid of this simplified five-volume home-study course, to gain all the benefits of a complete knowledge of mathematics — benefits like security, higher pay, self-confidence, and a better, more important

Based on new, easy-to-follow methods developed by Professor Thompson at Pratt Institute, this new course will show you how to master every type of mathematical problem quickly and easily. You start right at the beginning with a review of arithmetic (with dozens of new, time-saving short-cuts) and proceed step-by-step, lesson-by-lesson, into every practical phase of higher mathematics.

Every minute pays big dividends

The time you spend with this

Simplified Accounting - a 18 page book describing an easy way to start and to keep books; figure balances, adjustments, profit and loss, collections, debts, depreciation, interest, inventory, cost accounting, credit, appraisals, etc. Contains 31 sample ledger sheets, forms, etc. List price \$1. Yours to keep - whether or not you keep MATHEMATICS FOR REAL STUDY.

In good times or bad, the man with "know-how" is the man with a secure future. Trained mechanics and technicians are always in urgent demand, and in practically ALL OF THESE JOBS a knowledge of mathematics is required.

Remember, mathematics is the foundation of all technical work. Give yourself this basic preparation now by this quick, convenient, inexpensive method.

D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., Dept. 341,
125 Alexander Street, Princeton, New Jersey

Send me Thompson's MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY in 8 volumes
Within 15 days I will either return the books or send you \$1.85 as first
payment and \$1.50 per month for three months until the total price of
\$11.85, plus a small shipping cost, is paid.

I am happy in and proud of my progress in Accounting and I may
keep it - whether or not I keep the other 3 mathematics volumes.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ **SAVE!** Check box if enclosing \$1.85 with this coupon. Then **WE**
will ship the books at once. Some return privileges, refund guaranteed.
In Canada: 15 Hollinger Road, Toronto 16. Price slightly higher.
(Foreign post P.O. - please send \$1.85 with order.)

THE LOCKER ROOM

Did you ever make up a locker room joke? If so, send it to The Editor of ADVENTURE MAGAZINE, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. If used, you will receive a free subscription for one year. Sorry, but we cannot return unused material.

Meeting his newly-married friend on the street, Harry couldn't keep from commenting on how unhappy he looked. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Trouble so soon?"

"Oh, it's just that the magic's gone out of our lovelornage already," the friend answered. "It's gotten to be a routine, with no fun left to it."

"Well, why let it? Why not get a little variety into it? Try new times, new places. Don't be worried about convention. Let yourself go!" Harry advised. His friend said he'd give the plan a try. It wasn't long after that the two men met again. The friend looked much happier.

"Looks like you took my advice," Harry commented.

"Sure did," the pal answered. "My wife and I are eating dinner one night. She looked at me and I looked at her, and we both knew we wanted to. So, we pushed all the dishes off the table and made love right then and there."

"Great," said Harry. "And now you're happy again."

"Yes," said his friend, "except for one thing. They'll never let us in that restaurant again!"



A vaudeville performer was passing by a theater when he saw a fellow performer falling from the top window. "Catch me, catch me!" he screamed. "The hell I will," the first answered. "Did you catch me last week at the Palace?"

• • •

A drunk passing by a building noticed a sign reading "Please Ring Bell For Superintendent." He gave the bell a hard push, and a few minutes later the disgruntled super came to the door. "Are you the shuper?" the drunk asked.

"Yeah. Whattaya want?" "I wanna know why you can't ring the bell for yourself!"

• • •

"Can you tell me where Irving Fink lives?" the stranger asked the local resident.

"I'm afraid not. Does he have any nickname, or anything like that?" the native asked.

"Well, we used to call him Fatso," the stranger said.

"Why didn't you say so the first time? That's me!"

• • •

It was the maiden flight of the newest of the super jet airliners. Two hundred passengers climbed aboard, fastened their seat belts and relaxed. The doors slid shut, and the plane began to move. Then, from the loudspeaker, came a mellow, reassuring voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you aboard this electronic marvel of the jet age. If you look around you, you will notice that there is no crew. There is no pilot or co-pilot in the cabin, either. Everything in this marvelous plane is robot-controlled, completely automatic."

"Now, in just a minute, we'll taxi down to our takeoff runway. Then, we'll climb to 50,000 feet and cruise to London, arriving there in three hours. Anytime you should desire a refreshing drink, push button A in front of you. For a delicious meal, push button B."

"Now, we're beginning to taxi. Now we're taking off. In just a few moments we'll be at 50,000 feet."



"Let me assure you that this plane is a technical wonder, and that it has been completely checked out for any mechanical errors. You are flying in complete safety, so sit back and enjoy yourself. You have nothing whatever to worry about . . . to worry about . . . to worry about . . . to worry about . . ."

Two ladies of the evening were complaining about how bad business was. "I'm in such bad shape that I don't know whether to take long strides to save shoe leather," one said, "or take short ones and not strain the threads in my underwear!"

• • •

Seeing a shapely blonde walking along the highway, he stopped to pick her up.

"You shouldn't have done that," she said. "You see, I'm really a witch."

"Nonsense," he said. "I don't believe in witches."

"Oh no? Watch this." And she leaned over and kissed him.

Sure enough, he turned into a motel.

• • •

Conductor: "Didn't you see that 'No Smoking' sign? Why are you smoking?"

Passenger: "Well, there's a sign saying, 'Wear Nemo Girdles,' and I don't see you obeying that one!"



Has shop in basement — gets "more and more work all along"

"I HAD PRACTICALLY no knowledge of any kind of repair work. One day I saw the ad of NRI in a magazine and thought it would be a good way to make money in my spare time. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off—and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in the basement of my home."

—JOHN D. PETTIS,
172 N. Fulton, Brooklyn, Illinois

IF YOU'VE BEEN WANTING TO START "A LITTLE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN" IN YOUR BASEMENT OR GARAGE

CHECK the advantages of NRI training in Servicing Electrical Appliances

- ☐ **STILAY DEMAND** for your services. Over 400 million appliances in U.S. — 6 million sold last year alone — mean shortage of trained appliance service men.
- ☐ **NO LABORATE EQUIPMENT NEEDED** — just simple hand tools, and Appliance Trainer which we provide at no extra charge.
- ☐ **START SMALL — GROW BIG**. You can start out in your own basement or garage, in spare time. Gradually expand until you own your own shop.
- ☐ **NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE OR TRAINING NEEDED**. We tell you and show you everything you need to know, in plain English and clear pictures.
- ☐ **NO NEED TO RISK YOUR SAVINGS**. Many businesses require a sizable investment. But here you can build up a following of customers first, then open a full-time shop if you wish to.
- ☐ **EARN \$3 TO \$5 PER HOUR**. Fixing appliances is a high-paying skill because the demand for trained men is so great.
- ☐ **ENJOY SEMI-RETIREMENT ON A GOOD INCOME**. When you're ready to retire, you can devote a few hours a day to this work. Live and work anywhere you please.

Testers which we provide at no extra charge. You can work anywhere—in a corner of your basement or garage, even on the kitchen table. If you like, you can open up your own shop, have others work for you. And you can save money by fixing your own appliances.

FREE BOOK and Sample Lesson

Our 24-page Free Book tells how you can "cash in" on America's "Electrical Appliance Boom"—the money our students are making, what they say about us. Free Sample Lesson shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instruction is—how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future in this big field. Mail coupon, letter, or postcard to: National Radio Institute, Dept. H-62 Washington 16, D.C. (No obligation — and no salesman will call on you.)

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN with this APPLIANCE TESTER

— Yours at No Extra Charge

Your NRI Course comes complete with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester right away. Looks faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; finds defects in house wiring; measures electricity used by appliances; many other uses. With this Tester you save time and make money by doing jobs quicker, making sure appliances operate correctly after repairs.

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE Dept. H-62, Washington 16, D.C.

Please send me Free Book about your Electrical Appliance Repair Course and a Free Sample Lesson. I am particularly interested in:

☐ Spare Time Earnings ☐ Business of My Own ☐ Better Job

I understand there is no obligation on my part; and no salesman will call.

Name _____

Address _____

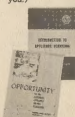
City _____ State _____

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

Your Skill Always in Demand — "Set Up Shop" Anywhere

People need their appliances fixed in good times or bad. One word gets around that you are trained to service them, you'll have plenty of work.

Your training costs less than 20¢ a day. And you need only the few basic tools you may already have — and an Appliance FEBRUARY, 1962





CAMPFIRE

We have a lot of old friends and a few new faces around the Camp Fire this time. I am sure that you will want to hear and know more about them because they will be good and lasting friends as time goes by.

William Heuman, who wrote "Boy Wonder," is no newcomer to ADVENTURE's pages. As a matter of fact, he told his first story to us some fifteen years back. Since then he has hit most all the big national magazines, and has been a more than successful favorite in the hard and soft-cover field. We asked Mr. Heuman for a few words. Here's what he says:

"I've been writing for more than twenty-five years, the last fifteen as a full-time freelancer. My Western material is done from years of research and reading, since I was born and raised in Brooklyn. My humorous stories about

life in Brooklyn have appeared in ARMOY, the POST, and COLLEGE. I'm now living in Huntington, L. I. with my wife and two children."

Hal Hennessy, besides being one of the great authentic, real-life adventurers of our day, is a very interesting hombre in his own right. We hope that what follows will do him at least partial justice.

At age seventeen two interesting and gratifying things happened to Hal: he sailed an outrigger canoe across the Gulf of Mexico, and he won a local short-story contest. So, at an early age he found his life's work. He was going to be a writer-adventurer.

Hal says that adventure has taken up nine-tenths of his time. Joining the American Field Service in 1941, he went to Libya, saw action in the sear and desert warfare there until it made him slightly dizzy, and requested "out" to join the Air Force as a fighter pilot.

On the way back to the states, he took time out along the way to explore the Djuka territory of Dutch Guiana.

In the Air Force he proved himself a good pilot—so long as he stayed in the air. But when he landed—that was something else again. Hal had a frustrating habit of knocking off landing gear. However, the OSS got hold of him before he'd done too much damage. They made him a spy (the equipment was less expensive) and dropped him behind the Japanese lines in China, where he caused various kinds of trouble—mostly for the Japs.

After the war, he tried for three grueling months to accustom himself to the postwar quiet. It was no dice. He lit out for Africa to try his hand at big-game hunting. The odds there didn't seem right, since none of the big game was armed.

Since then, things have been fairly

quiet for him. He has attempted to sail a 20-foot trimaran around the world, but the boat was blown onto the treacherous coast of New Jersey, and the whole big, wonderful idea sank with it.

With the explorer Leonard Clark, his old OSS chief in China, Hal spent four months exploring the jungles of Yucatan. Before they emerged (half-starved) they had trekked the whole length of the Yucatan Peninsula, discovered several "buried" Mayan cities and explored an unmapped ridge for 120 miles.

In 1954 Hal Hennessy went down to "cover" the Guatemalan revolution. He stayed six weeks, and got itchy feet again when the revolution ended in a welter of bluff. After flying a bush plane around Central America, he pushed through the jungles of Honduras. He sailed a native boat to the Bay Islands of the Caribbean beach, to his delight, was completely devoid of tourists. He spent his spare time writing about all these interesting doings for magazines.

In 1956 HH made the shot of his life—at last—when he nailed a mule buck at 700 yards in the Colorado Rockies. And with a 243 at that. (Hand-loaded Hornady 87 gr. for you gun nuts.) HH says he'd never dare mention that 700-yard shot if it had not been witnessed by two of America's best hunters: Wally Taber and Clarence Currie.

Right now Hal Hennessy is packing for Alaska and loaded for bear—and by the time this appears in print he will very likely be somewhere in Europe, or back to that last elephant paradise in East Africa to try those "hundred-pound" teeth mentioned in the exciting account of his last safari on these pages.

The fire burns low and the late night chill warns us that all good things must end. We'll be looking for you all around the Camp Fire next issue. Until then, happy hunting.

A. H. Norton



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 09032M, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Successful favorite Heuman after twenty-five years of freelancing.

ASK



ADVENTURE

KARATE

How is it possible to break a board with a hand blow in Karate?

E. Balvender

Joliet, Ill.

Although you attribute this to Karate, it is more deeply rooted in Judo. Ateni, the third phase of Judo, the self-defense aspect, is primarily based on the principle of breaking the board.

Visualize a piece of wood two inches thick. You raise your hand about six inches above the target and direct a short blow, striking the little finger edge of the hand against the board, and it breaks. Two factors are involved. First, the force applied, by striking the hand must start from your legs, continue through your waist and arms, finally ending with the contact with the

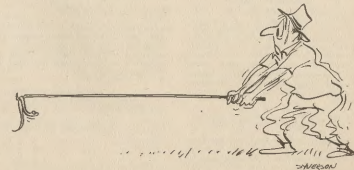


MARINE CORPS PATCHES

I have started a collection of Marine Corps shoulder patches from World War

board. Second: Breathing deeply, your mind concentrates all its power and directs your physical forces toward one central point—your hand. You now have momentum, muscular force created as you yield the blow. This is the origin of the Judo term, "The hand is the extension of the mind." In reality, you are merely following through. Take, for example, the swing of a baseball player. He follows through since one-third of the body weight is located at the waist. It stands to reason that this must be the central point in the execution of any Judo technique.

There is one other way. Develop your hands by exercise until the skin, muscles and bony structures have become hardened and used as a sledgehammer to break a board. But this is not the true way. It is



TRAPPING WATER SNAKES

Although I have trapped a lot of turtles, I have not come up with a satisfactory method for water snakes.

Joe Upton

Ray Brook, N.Y.

Unfortunately, I haven't had any luck trapping snakes. Although I have heard of several methods. More often than not, water snakes are caught accidentally in minnow traps.

The best way is to hunt them along thickly wooded banks, especially in areas where there is an abundance of frogs, field mice and birds. I use a clamp for poisonous snakes, but a hook on the end of a golf club shaft is best for all-around snake hunting, since it does not damage the snake's body. Just keep him busy with the hook and pick him up at the first chance. When clear of the ground, the snake is immobilized, since he has no traction. However, he will slip off the hook if his weight is unevenly distributed.

It takes a little practice, but you'll get the hang of it eventually.

TEX HOLLON

How can I add to my collection?

Douglas E. Quinn

Chicago, Ill.

Try the Army-Navy surplus stores. I do not know the names of any collectors. But you might check stamp and coin magazines for listings.

LELAND PERSON
Capt. USMCR

SWIMMING CHAMPS

Who, in your opinion, was the greatest in the swimming and diving field the past fifteen years?

Edward Tansey, S.J.

Clayton, Del.

The greatest name in diving for the past fifteen years, as far as men are concerned, is Dr. Sammy Lee, twice winner of an Olympic crown in 1948 and 1952 in the platform dive.

On the greatest side, say Pat McCormick, for the greatest diver. She has won four gold medals, or four Olympic crowns, mainly for the platform dive in 1952 and 1956 and the fancy springboard dive in 1952 and 1956.

Of course, I must admit that there is no consistency in diving and the divers last longer at their competitive best than the swimmers. This accounts for my having to come up with names both in diving and swimming.

In swimming I believe that Dawn Fraser of Australia was a great swimmer, probably one of the greatest in the last fifteen years. In my swimming I lean again to an Australian, Murray Rose.

JOHN V. CHROMBRACH

What keeps YOU from making more MONEY?



Just what is the matter—why aren't you making more money? Look around—probably many of the people you know are doing a lot better than you. What is the reason?

Your own native ability is probably just as good as theirs—your personality and appearance are probably just as good.

But—they have something you lack—the fact that they have a better job and earn more money proves that. Success today is measured by the dollar sign.

The secret is this—the man or woman who prepares and trains for the job ahead is the one who gets the advancement and more money. The person who really has something on the ball doesn't need "Push!"—"Push!" is the thing that enables him to get what he or she wants.

Ambitious men and women have found the proved and tested way to get ahead in life—through LaSalle training. Hundreds of thousands of students have enrolled—our files are full of grateful letters from people who have bettered their earnings and posi-

tion through LaSalle training.

Perhaps we can help you. You should at least get all the facts to judge. The coupon will bring full information FREE. Just check the field of your choice and we'll send you, without obligation, full information on that field—the money making possibilities and how you can prepare in your spare time at moderate cost.

So—if you are interested in a brighter, more profitable future, send the coupon TODAY—you may forget tomorrow.

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

LaSalle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, 417 South Dearborn, Dept. K02-005 Chicago 5, Illinois
Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE catalog and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING ☐ Modern Bookkeeping ☐ Basic Accounting ☐ Practical Accounting ☐ Principles of Acctg. ☐ Cost Accounting ☐ Federal Income Tax ☐ Accounting Systems ☐ Business Law ☐ Auditing Procedure ☐ Control Systems ☐ CPA Training ☐ Complete Accounting	☐ Transportation Law & Regulation ☐ Rate Making & Rate Cases ☐ Complete Traffic & Transportation	BUSINESS MANAGEMENT ☐ Principles of Management ☐ Psychology in Business ☐ Selling & Sales Management ☐ Advertising and Marketing ☐ Production Problems ☐ Business Financing ☐ Credits and Collections ☐ Office Management ☐ Managing Men ☐ Accounting & Statistical Control ☐ Business Correspondence ☐ Organization & Reorganization ☐ Legal Problems	☐ Complete Business Management MANAGEMENT COURSES ☐ General Culture Course ☐ General Culture Course ☐ Science Course ☐ Mechanical Course DENTAL ASSISTANT ☐ Dental Assistant TECHNICAL COURSES ☐ Auto Body Fender ☐ Refrigeration-Air Conditioning ☐ Drafting ☐ Welding ☐ Motor Tuneup ☐ High School Diploma ☐ Commercial Course	☐ Secretarial Course ☐ Home Management Course ☐ General Culture Course ☐ Science Course ☐ Mechanical Course DENTAL ASSISTANT ☐ Dental Assistant TECHNICAL COURSES ☐ Auto Body Fender ☐ Refrigeration-Air Conditioning ☐ Drafting ☐ Welding ☐ Motor Tuneup ☐ High School Diploma ☐ Commercial Course
--	---	---	---	--

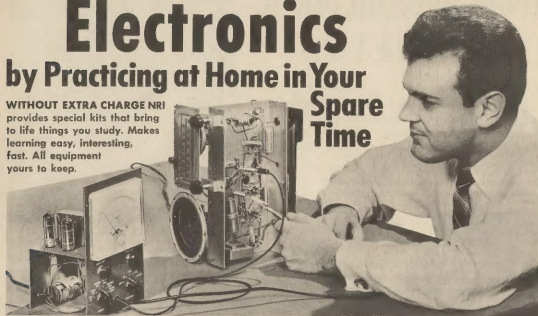
Name.....Age.....
 Address.....
 City, State.....

CHECK THIS COUPON AND MAIL
TODAY...SURE!

Learn Radio-TV Electronics

by Practicing at Home in Your Spare Time

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE NRI provides special kits that bring to life things you study. Makes learning easy, interesting, fast. All equipment yours to keep.



Fast Growth Offers You High Pay, Prestige, Bright Future



From Radio-TV Servicing and Broadcasting to missile launching sites like Cape Canaveral, NRI graduates share in the gigantic Electronics industry. Interesting jobs await you in studios, on ships and planes, in your own business. Mail coupon today for NRI catalog.



A. M. SMITH
President
If you check the classified advertisement in your local newspaper, you will undoubtedly see more job opportunities available for men with Electronics training than for any other field. Hardly without exception, these are better than average jobs, with bright futures... jobs for which YOU could easily qualify through NRI training. Thousands of men like yourself—most of them without a high school diploma—have moved up to good pay and enjoy greater prestige in jobs with TV and Radio broadcasting stations, in industrial plants making Electronic equipment or in businesses of their own where they sell, install and service Radio and TV sets.

Train With The Leader

Join the many NRI graduates now taking advantage of career opportunities in this amazing Electronic Age. For 46 years, NRI has featured the best Radio-TV Electronics training for beginners—for men without previous experience. Throughout the U.S. and Canada, successful NRI graduates are proof that it's practical to train at home, in your spare time, at your own pace. Keep your present job while training. NRI supplies this training at low cost because it is

NRI Trained These Men

RAYMOND D. ARNOLD, Auburn, Mass.
I was working in a textile factory trying to make ends meet. Now I own one of the most modern service shops in this section. **ANGIE C. TAYLOR**, Glasgow, Ky.
After graduating I was a shipboard radio operator. Now I am chief engineer at Station WAUA.

JOE DUCKWORTH, Fort Worth, Texas
Thanks to NRI I am in a top position with the Federal Aviation Agency in the Navajo Electronics Section.

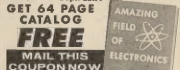
LEONARD BLOOM, Newton Centre, Mass.
Four months after starting your course I left my job in a hardware store to work at Raytheon Manufacturing. Now I am an engineering assistant in Microwave Power Tube Research and Development Laboratory.

the oldest and largest home-study Radio-TV Electronics school. In every respect, you will find the Electronics field a profitable one for the ambitious man. And the NRI "learn-by-doing" method is the most practical way for you to get into this exciting field quickly.

Start Soon to Earn More

NRI training can bring prompt financial return. Soon after enrolling, NRI shows you how to earn \$10, \$15 and more a week extra fixing sets in your spare time. This can lead to a profitable Radio-TV business of your own. Others have found good paying jobs within a year after enrolling.

Mail the coupon below TODAY for our FREE CATALOG. It tells in words and pictures about the amazing field of Electronics. Read success stories. See the equipment you get. Find out about the NRI 60-day free trial enrollment offer and convenient monthly terms. National Radio Institute, Washington 16, D. C. Dept. 2884



National Radio Institute
Washington 16, D. C. Dept. 2884

Send me full information without cost or obligation. No representation will call. (Please print.)

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

I WAS THE SEA BEAST'S PREY

BY JAMES T. STEEN



A search plane came over but it failed to spot me. And when it had gone, I was alone—alone with a ravening killer!

TEXT STARTS NEXT PAGE



ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. VAN DONZEN

AT one hundred and thirty miles an hour we completed the second turn of our triangle and headed for home. There were sixty miles of water between us and Pensacola. Low summer clouds had us pinned down to within three hundred feet of the water, according to the altimeter. But we were actually lower than that, for when I slipped behind and beneath the three student planes to check their heading, I could feel my plane rising and falling with the great swells of the glassy-surfaced Gulf.

You could do that, you know. If the water was rippled it felt like driving a car over a corduroy road. If there were big waves, it got so rough that you had to depend on the belt to keep you in your seat.

But today there wasn't a breath of surface wind, and the Gulf was like a gray marble floor, highly polished. You couldn't tell by looking at the water whether you were five feet or five thousand feet above it. Only the lulling motion of those swells told you that the sea was just beneath your wings.

Suddenly the lullaby was interrupted by a loud cracking sound like nearby thunder. I was thrown forward in my seat to the limit of the shoulder straps, and the plane began shuddering violently.

I pulled away from the water and rammed the throttle forward. The instrument panel was dancing so wildly that I couldn't get accurate readings, but I could see that the RPMs were going down and so was the air speed.

Out front the shining disc had gone blurred. I knew that

the propeller had clipped into the water and bent so badly that the engine was tearing itself loose.

The plane's buoyancy died away and I lowered the flaps in an attempt to stay up long enough to send an emergency call. But in the next instant I was thrown against the straps again as the plane dug into the water for the second and last time, showering heavy white spray back over itself and me.

When the hurching and dousing and noise had subsided, the plane lay bobbing lightly in the remains of its own disturbance, its nose already submerged, the cockpit filling rapidly while I sat immobilized by the suddenness of the accident. Everything was quiet now except for low, gurgling sounds from within the plane and the distant hum of the students' planes disappearing northward through the warm, still afternoon.

The plane was going under. I unharnessed myself and climbed out onto the wing, where I stood for some moments to inflate my Mae West before stepping off into the water. I paddled a few feet away to watch the dismal sight of my transportation slipping into the deep.

When the wing had gone under, the fuselage, with the big blue-and-white star on its side, up-ended and hung in that position until I thought that maybe the plane would float after all. Then the sinking resumed with more gurgling and in a few seconds the silver tail, lettered U.S. NAVY 01803, slid down and the sea smoothed over the spot. No wreckage, not even an oil slick remained.



The big gray monster . . . the small, more savage fish . . . they closed in for the kill.

I FOUGHT off my dismay and made some calculations. My "waterproof" watch had filled with water and was stopped at 2:49. That meant at least five more hours of daylight. The students would be landing in about half an hour. They would wait ten or fifteen minutes for me, and when I failed to appear they would report the irregularity. In another hour a search would be underway.

The searchers would have no trouble locating me, since the course I had been flying was on the students' plotting boards. They had only to fly the problem and they would find me at the second turn. I should be back in time for dinner.

I had much in my favor. The weather was fine and showed no signs of changing. I hadn't a scratch to show for the crash, so there was no bleeding to attract carnivorous fish. Best of all, the sea was as calm as midday's bath. I regretted not having carried a rubber life raft, but the Mae West held my head above the water and was equipped with a packet of dye-marker which I would open at the first sign of PEY.

Meanwhile, I was, like the ancient mariner, "alone on a wide, wide sea."

Or so I thought. Within minutes after the landing, company began to arrive. A seagull winging overhead caught sight of the strange object in the water and swooped down to investigate. As he passed close by and turned his head for a good look, his bill dropped open and he uttered a loud cry of astonishment. I had to laugh, and when I did he

darted away in the direction from which he had come. In a few minutes he was back, this time with his gang, a dozen or more gulls which set up a pattern of sightseeing swoops accompanied by a great racket. Other birds came, attracted by the noise. Seeing that I was alive and not edible, they retired to a safe distance to watch and wait, although some of the doubters continued to make occasional passes.

I had become the feature attraction of the day below the surface as well. Several small fish were hovering in the water around me, and when I peered beneath the surface for a better look I saw dozens more behind them. The fish had no better manners than the gulls, but they were more colorful and I made no move to frighten them.

Instead I took deep breaths and stuck my head in the water and studied them back. They were skittish, but their curiosity had the better of them and they paraded back and forth before my gaze. For an instant, I thought I glimpsed some distance away a big, gray shape gliding by. I made as thorough an underwater search as I could and did not see it again, but I was uneasy and gave up studying the fish.

It wasn't long afterward that the big, gray shape proved to be no hallucination. A fin appeared, knifing the surface about twenty yards away. My reaction to that blood-curdling sight was normal: my blood curdled, my mind convulsed with fear, and I began yelling bloody murder, yelling at the shark to keep away, yelling at my fellow humans to come and get me out of this. (Continued on page 44)

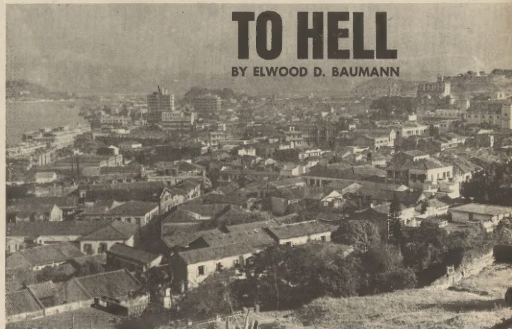


It's dirty and naughty and full of bugs, and
you can buy a man's death for five dollars.
No wonder they call sinful Macao

THE GATEWAY

TO HELL

BY ELWOOD D. BAUMANN



Hong Kong is naughty, but Macao is wicked. You can buy anything there—including murder.

VISIT Fascinating Macao, the travel posters in Hong Kong proclaim. If the wording were changed to read *Visit Fascinating, Sin-Soaked Macao*, they would be much more effective.

Hong Kong is a naughty city, but Macao is wicked. Walk along any street (Stick to the main ones, though. They're at least reasonably safe) and you'll be accosted by beggars, pimps, prostitutes, drug addicts and touts. Keep your hand on your wallet, too, because I forgot to mention pickpockets.

Macao became a Portuguese colony in 1888, but the Portuguese have been there for more than four hundred years. In that time they have contributed to the economy of the colony to the extent of a match factory and a firecracker factory.

The matches are shipped to Hong Kong, where a good lighter costs thirty-five cents and the firecrackers are shot off locally at Chinese festivals and ceremonies to ward off the evil spirits which abound in Macao.

Daughters of the night, en route to assignation. Macao has many such . . .



Schooled in Oriental ways of pleasing men, filles de joie are gay, often intelligent and dainty.

The trip from Hong Kong to Macao takes three and half hours on a ferry and costs \$1.25. If you want to travel in regal splendor, you can get an air-conditioned cabin for \$3.25.

This doesn't include the price of the girl the steward will be only too happy to bring you.

But you'll be happier on deck. The trip is a fantastically beautiful one and nowhere else in the world is there one comparable. The South China Sea is peppered with islands. Some are a part of the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong and the others are a part of the People's Republic of China, which looms menacingly over the starboard bow. You're certain to sail by one or more Communist gunboats in these waters and you needn't bother to wave at the Chinese sailors on board. I've saluted them often in my humble, imperialistic way and they have neither returned the salute nor fired a shot across the bow.

As the ferry approaches Macao, a loudspeaker crackles to all passengers in Portuguese, Chinese and English. The message never varies: "Attention all passengers. Attention all passengers. In a few minutes we will dock at the Portuguese colony of Macao. You are not allowed to enter the colony with firearms, gold, subversive literature, opium, morphine, heroin, or any other drug. If you have any of these in your

possession, kindly report them to the customs officer at the far end of the gangplank. Thank you." I'm sure that the customs officer has the softest job in all Macao.

People who like a lot of stamps on their passports love Macao. You need a visa issued by the Portuguese Consulate in Hong Kong before you can get on the ferry. Once you're on board, an official immediately collects your passport and you don't see it again until more officials come on board at Macao.

When you dock, all the passengers are herded to the immigration department, which is also the ferry's dining room. Three Portuguese officials are seated at a long table near the door. The passports are stacked neatly in front of them, with the American passports on the bottom.

Number One picks up a passport, studies it, stamps it and passes it on to Number Two, who also studies it, stamps it and passes it on to Number Three. Number Three's job is a little tougher. He not only has to study it and stamp it, but also has to shout out the name on the passport and then make very sure that the face on the passport is that of the passport's owner. As I said before, his job is a little tougher.

With your well-stamped passport in hand, you are now free to disembark and catch a pedicab to your hotel. Most



"Good-bye—until the next time you call me."

people prefer the Central Hotel, because it boasts a nightclub and features gambling on several floors. By the time you get to your room, you will have been asked by the pedicab driver, bell boy, desk clerk, elevator boy and room boy whether you would prefer a Portuguese or Chinese girl.

This question was recently posed to an American tourist accompanied by his wife.

"Can't you see I'm married, you idiot?" the American retorted angrily.

"Okay. Okay. Maybe I can find nice Chinese man for your wife," the boy replied, undaunted.

THE rooms in the Central Hotel are air conditioned. The trouble is that the air conditioners are usually being repaired during the hot summer months. I once arrived in Macao during a fierce heat wave in August.

"Very hot," the room boy informed me.

"Yes," I agreed, "plenty hot."

"I got nice fan. For one dollar Hong Kong, I bring you nice fan."

"Oh, that's fine," I said with relief. "Bring me a fan."

He was back in a minute, carrying a small bamboo fan. I had to lie awake all night long fanning myself.



Opium and other narcotics—the fatal curse of far too many . . .



VEEGER—BLACK STAR

No bashful maids these—they solicit openly.

Macao once referred to itself as the Monte Carlo of the East. It doesn't any more, probably because Monaco threatened to sue them for libel.

Except for the mah jong games in the opium dens, the gambling in Macao is all found in the Central Hotel. Only casino and fantan are played. You don't have to be a mathematician or a mental giant to play either one, but fantan is ridiculously simple. An attendant puts a number of ivory discs in a pile and you bet whether there will be one, two or three remaining after removing four discs at a time. The press around the fantan tables is often so great that the players crawl up onto a little bamboo and lower their bets in tiny wicker baskets.

Casino is a little more difficult to play, but much more interesting. Three dice are put into a half-moon-shaped affair and shaken like mad. You can bet high or low or take the exact number you think will be the total showing on the three dice. The house gives you fair odds if you're betting on a number and even money if you're betting high or low.

Everyone has a system, of course, but I saw the oddest of all systems used in the Central Hotel. It could only have happened in Macao. An ancient Chinese, resplendent in a wispy beard of eight or ten hairs and a shaven head, had a baby chick with a string tied to (Continued on page 48)

**They were young and beautiful—yet savage
as beasts. They were the fearsome Animal Women
of Lost Lake—and they lusted for my life!**



I SAW THE ANIMAL WOMEN

BY MICHAEL DUBALL
WITH DR. WILLIAM B. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PREZIO

"Adventure and the quest for adventure is not, by and large, an essential part of the character of the zoologist or ornithologist who moseys on the dark, untrodden jungle trails. . . . But the necessary exposure of such men to untried conditions subjects them to unprecedented situations which often culminate in strange adventures.

"Strange indeed! Because there is nothing in fiction—no matter how often this is expressed—truly can approach the aspect of incredulity in nature and life itself."

(From "The Journal of Dr. William B. Fraser.")

THE fully formed, shapely woman, was strangely distorted in the cowering posture of an animal at bay. Her breathing was heavy. Her lower jaw hung open. Bishop took another cautious step in her direction and extended his hand, gently, tentatively.

"Ken! Watch out!" Fraser shouted from behind.

Almost simultaneous with the warning, the female figure sprang from a crouching position, and with a harsh guttural sound fell upon the astounded scientist. Clawing hands razed the flesh of his face and chest and bared teeth fixed deep into the tendons of Bishop's shoulder.

Fraser came up from behind, grabbing the young woman about the waist, and pulled her forcefully backward. The thrashing figure came toward him, still clinging to the struggling scientist. In plain desperation, Fraser struck her across the head with the butt of his revolver.

"Bill, help me, for God's sake," his companion moaned. "Her teeth—" he kept repeating. "Her teeth."

Fraser knelt over the fallen form, lying across his companion. The bared limbs twitched spasmodically as he sought to lift her away from Bishop, who cried out in agony, "Her jaws are locked!"

Fraser drew an astonished breath as he worked his fingers into her mouth, bloodied with the mutilated flesh of his companion, and pried her jaws apart.

This incident occurred on March 9, 1958, seventy-three miles southwest of Lake Disappointment in Western Australia. And the animal-like woman was not, as first considered, a rare instance of an albino aborigine, a primitive desert nomad freakishly lacking normal skin pigmentation. She was a white Caucasian, age twenty-five, an Englishwoman of superior intellect and culture, who had regressed to the lowest rung on the ladder of man's evolution from primitive animal.

The origin of this regression began, for Anna Elizabeth Towler, a product of the institutions of higher education in London and Melbourne, in September of 1956. Having completed semester studies in anthropology, Miss Towler, in the company of Annette Casdan, a young Belgian exchange student and Dr. Eugenia Norris, an anthropologist in her early thirties, who was seeking her doctorate at the University in Melbourne, elected to do a study of one of the splinter groups of the Australian aborigines. These were reputed to be the most primitive of existing human species.

Their plotted course took them clear across New South Wales and through Southern Australia, by rail. From there in a vehicle and by foot, they went to the aboriginal Mann Range.

When they did not return for the January semester, and they could not be located after eight months of search, they were given up and presumed dead.

Two years and two months later, William R. B. Fraser, an English entomologist in the company of Kenneth Bishop, a botanist, had left Roy Hill, and were moving in the direction of Lake Disappointment, when they (Continued on page 50)

Blood-curdling cries of vengeance filled the air as the aborigines fought for their woman.





Are you as old as you feel? What is your actual capacity for life happiness, love? These simple tests will help to give you the answers—vital to every men!

PROBABLY the most famous example of a male who regained sexual vigor to an advanced age was Old Tom Parr, an English farmer. Thomas Parr, who outlived nine successive kings and several wives, contracted his final marriage when he was 123 years old. With this spouse he was "so energetic" that she did not notice his real age.

This was amazing, since she was only in her twenties when Old Tom married her. And what is more amazing, he buried her after twelve years of connubial bliss.

A famous man because of his longevity and virility, he was invited to the Royal Court when he was about one-hundred-and-fifty. There he revealed such a lustiness for enjoyment that he literally ate and drank himself to death. The process required two years.

Many students of geriatrics, the science of aging, have wondered how long Parr might

What is Your Sexual Age?

have lived had he not surrendered to the lures of princely food and drink. The autopsy, performed personally by Sir William Harvey, revealed that the body "was muscular, the chest hairy and the hair of the forearms still black, the heart healthy, the bones not very brittle as they are usually at an advanced age but flexible and singularly firm."

This is not a made-up yarn. The records concerning Thomas Parr are authentic and he has served as the subject of multitudes of scientific studies. His case indicates how greatly longevity and potency vary in the male sex, and leads quite naturally to such personal questions as:

What is my true sexual age, as distinguished from my chronological age? Am I aging sexually more rapidly or more slowly than the average man? What are my chances for a long life of satisfactory sexual activity? What are the connections, if any, between the retention of potency and longevity? And finally: Can I increase my chances of prolonging both my sexual capacity and my life span?

At the start, it must be emphasized that potency and longevity in males vary greatly, but that they are generally found together. The man who lives to an advanced age is very likely to be potent throughout most, if not all, of his adult years, while the man who lives fewer years than the average is likely to suffer from diminished potency or a total loss of it at an earlier age than most. As examples of the former:

The famous Turk, Zaro Agha, who died only recently at the age of 160, was married eleven times; the last time when he was 153. Christian Jacob Drackenborg, a Dane, lived to be 156, marrying his last wife at 111 and outliving her.

As a widower he tried to get married again but was rejected. So he drank himself to death, but, even at that, he was able to walk four miles a day in the (Continued on page 74)

BY PHILLIP S. CASCIO PHOTO BY NAT FINKELSTEIN



MY LAST HUNT

"You've got one shot, and maybe three seconds, to stop six tons of killing fury. You don't get a second shot if you miss—because you'll be dead!"

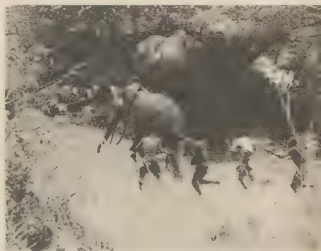
BY HAL HENNESEY

PHOTOS BY U.P.I.

LET me say, first of all, that there can be more dangerous things about elephant hunting than the actual kill, hair-trigger though that may be.

Your tusked monarch of the jungle is a mean hombre when cornered or alarmed. I have seen a boy stomped into a shapeless pulp by an enraged bull, while trying to rope him, as shown in these photos.

But that's another story.



Boys stampede big bull into clear for capture attempt.

Capturing a wild tusker is more dangerous than a kill.



A step from sudden death, boy ropes bull's leg.



Madened, screaming behemoth turns on tormentor.



Slowly ropes take toll on brute's strength.



Weight of numbers and fatigue wear him out.

MY LAST HUNT

This is about my last hunt—which almost became my last day of living. Charter a small plane at Arusha and fly south for one thousand land miles—past Kasero, past Naberera and over the Masai Steppe; leave Dodoma and the last railroad far behind; land at Iringa for fuel and a bite; then fly south again with the Ruaha River, a cool ribbon winding across a parched yellow plain, until you come to the Buhoro Flats.

Set down in the sparse shade of a stand of Baobab trees and make camp. Stay there for two weeks and you may get black water fever, mauled by a lion, stabbed by a jealous Wagogo or trampled by a rogue rhino.

Also, you may get one of the last trophy-sized elephants left in East Africa. Which is why I did all of the above things except get stabbed by a Wagogo. Actually, a bellyful of wonder drugs knocked out the first symptoms of fever, and the rhino merely brushed by me as he collapsed with a .375 slug in his brain. (Continued on page 66)

The man toll of hunt like this is far greater than in actual kill, as in article.



Still trumpeting rage, but subdued, tusker is lashed to tree.



By William Heuman

BOY WONDER

They were either tired old men or untried rookies, and they should be in the cellar—but how are you going to beat a team that doesn't know how to lose?



THERE was a twenty minute stop-over at the Spring Junction station, and because time hung heavy on his hands, and because there was a grayness in his soul which needed brightening, Eddie Stanton stepped across the street to the nearest bar for a drink. He had a second, also, before he left, picking up a Mishawaka paper on the way out, and he came back to the train with a warm feeling in his stomach, but the grayness still in his heart.

Opening the paper to the sports page, he glanced over it curiously as the train pulled out of the station, wondering if he'd find anything about himself.

It was a weekly paper, stark evidence of the size of the town to which he was coming, and it contained all the Mishawaka news for the previous week—Mishawaka, population twenty-five thousand! No doubt they took the sidewalk in after nine o'clock at night.

They had half a column about him, Eddie Stanton, ex big league manager, who at thirty-six had handled three major league clubs, and who when twenty-five had brought the first pennant to the Buffalos in thirty years, now coming to Mishawaka to take over the management of the Martens, Class C.

Eddie loosened his tie, the two drinks having made him warm. The train was hot and stuffy, too, in mid-August. They weren't running air-cooled streamliners, down to Mishawaka.

He sat there with the paper in his lap, wondering how it

all had happened, trying not to feel sorry for himself, but considering the little incidents, the bad breaks, the misfortunes which had dogged his steps since the days when he'd been on top of the baseball world.

It was all down there, the memories of the past eleven years, all the little black cats which had crossed his path, the stones over which he'd tripped. There were the injuries to key players, pitchers failing to come through games last that should have been won.

He'd drifted after his last managerial job three years back. He'd been with four different clubs in both leagues, and then Frank Harris, Buffalo owner, had signed him with the organization, but not back with the big time Buffalos. It was the Mishawaka Martens this time, a Buffalo farm club, needing a manager to finish out the season.

FRANK HARRIS had said to him over the phone, "It's a job, Eddie. I'm not saying that you'll stay there all of your life, but it's a job."

Harris always had had a soft spot in his heart for his boy prodigy, and there was the slim possibility that the Buffalo owner wouldn't let him rot on the vine down in Mishawaka if he thought that Eddie Stanton still had it in him to lead the Buffalos to another pennant.

Sitting in the day car, staring out the window at this drab, midwestern scenery, this was the line of hope in Eddie's tinny future. The door might still open again.

The train rolled into Mishawaka at twelve, five, the hottest time of the day, and the porter put Eddie's two suitcases down on the pavement, stepping back inside after Eddie tipped him.

Eddie had had a glimpse of the town as the train rolled slowly into the station. It was about what he'd anticipated, no more and no less, a one-horse town lying south of the track. Its residential and business areas were clearly defined. It had its movie house, its supermarket, its post office; it had its bank and its ball field with the ramshackle fence around it, sadly in need of paint, and the dinky grandstand, and the straggling bleacher seats down the foul lines and all of it baking in the hot Kansas sun.

One object was out of place, though. It did not belong here, and Eddie stared, dumfounded, at the big, red-haired, freckle-faced guy bearing down on him, a grin as broad as his shoulders, hatless, his hair thin, now, and with a receding part. He wore a loud sport jacket, too short at the sleeves, and a sport shirt with garish Hawaiian scenes imprinted thereon. The freckled hand he thrust at Eddie was as big as a ham, and as friendly as a dog's tail.

"Eddie-Eddie, boy!" he boomed.

Eddie Stanton stared at him for a moment as he took the hand, and the years fell away, and again he was the boy wonder of major league baseball standing there just off the mound, an October afternoon with a bright sun, and fifty-five thousand rabid, Buffalo fans pleading for a Buffalo win.



He went in, sliding hard, hand taloned for the sack.

BOY WONDER

CONTINUED

It was the big Series against the Trojans, the last game with each team having won three, and the Buffalos leading by one run in the ninth, and two Trojan runners on the sacks, and one away, and the big red-haired guy tossing the ball into the pocket of his glove as he stood there, eyeing the batter, and Eddie Stanton saying:

"Can you get him, Bobo?"

"I'll get him," Bobo had said, "an' I'll get the next guy, too."

He had, and the Buffalos had taken the Series, and they'd ridden Bobo McCord and Eddie Stanton through the streets on the back seat of a big limousine with the ticker tape streaming down on them and a thousand auto horns blaring while the crowds cheered.

Eddie Stanton said softly, "Bobo—you big bum! What are you doing in this hick town?"

Bobo McCord's hair wasn't the flaming red it had been eleven years before. He'd taken on more weight around the middle; his neck was thicker. He was a man who'd settled into his groove in life, and he looked it.

"Wanted to write you when I heard about it," Bobo was checking, "an' then I figured on callin' you long distance. Then the wife says, 'Why not surprise him when he gets here?' That's how it is, Eddie, boy, I'm pitchin' for the Martens."

Eddie Stanton didn't know whether he should be pleased or dismayed. Bobo had been about twenty-nine when the Buffalos won the World Series, and that would make him forty, or nearly forty, and a Marten pitcher.

"Glad to hear it," Eddie heard himself saying. "Like old times getting together again, Bobo."

He was thinking, *This is it—the end of the line, the graveyard for the big league ball players—Mishawaka.*

The country was full of them, the Mishawakas, where they ended up with their sore arms and their trick knees and their dreams and their empty pocketbooks, and they wandered how it had happened so soon.

Bobo McCord picked up the two suitcases. He said, "I got my car here, an' my wife an' I got all fixed up. You stay with us till you get settled, Eddie." He stopped suddenly and he said, "Marge didn't come?"

"No," Eddie said briefly. "The season was half over anyway, and she's never liked the hot weather. She's staying with her sister up, Connemecticut. We have a girl, you know."

"I got three," Eddie grinned. "All redheads. How do you like that?"

Eddie managed to smile. He got into the car on the parking lot. It was an old model about seven or eight years old, and the battered condition of the interior told of three little redheads, all with Bobo McCord's enormous energy.

"It ain't new," Bobo apologized as he started up the motor. "We been puttin' our dough into somethin' else. Maybe next year or the year after we get a new model."

"Sure," Eddie murmured. He said, "How long you been here, Bobo?"

"Four years," the pitcher told him. "I been around, Eddie, before I got here, but this is my town. You'll like it. Swell people, a good little ball club—not the old Buffalos, you know, but Class C, Eddie, Class C."

"I know," Eddie Stanton said wryly. He wanted to add, "Don't rub it in, Bobo."

"How is Marge?" Bobo wanted to know as the car rattled out of the lot.

"Okay," Eddie said. "Okay."

He couldn't tell Bobo that his marriage, like about every-

thing else, was practically on the rocks. Marge would have come along with him if he'd pressed her, or even asked her, but she'd understood how it was. They'd been drifting for several years now with one bad year following the other. He was quite sure that when he saw her at the end of the ball season it would only be for the purpose of making the separation legal.

"Great girl, Marge," Bobo said.

Eddie Stanton didn't say anything. The jalopy rolled down Main Street with Bobo lifting a hand to practically everyone on the street.

"Great town," he kept saying. "Nice people, Eddie. You'll like it here."

"Sure," Eddie said, but he wasn't bursting at the seams with enthusiasm.

"First we'll have a bite to eat," Bobo told him, "an' then we'll hop right down to the ball park. We're playin' the Mountaineers this afternoon—good club, Eddie. All the boys are anxious to see you. You play much, kid?"

"Off and on," Eddie told him. He hadn't figured on doing much playing with the Martens, even though his leg hadn't bothered him all season. He'd played irregularly with the sixth place Beavers before they gave him his unconditional release.

"Got a little surprise for you, Eddie," Bobo was chucking as he backed the jalopy into a parking space on the main street. "Gettin' to be a pretty big man in this town."

"That right?" Eddie murmured.

He got out of the car and he stood on the sidewalk, feeling the heat in the pavement. They were in the main part of town, the business section with a little more activity on the street during the lunch hour.

Bobo came up on the walk with Eddie and he stood there, grinning broadly, pointing to a restaurant window opposite the spot where he'd parked the car. He said, the pride in his voice, "How about that, Eddie?"

Eddie looked in through the plate glass window. It was not a big restaurant, the usual small town affair, a counter, a row of booths down the side wall, ferns in the window, bracketing the menu. Then he noticed the big gold letters on the window and he understood. The letters were formed in an arch and they spelled:

"BOBO'S PLACE."

"It ain't much," Bobo was saying modestly. "Were still makin' improvements."

Eddie Stanton stood there, looking in through the window. He heard Bobo say:

"Baseball don't owe me anything, Eddie. We're doin' good business here. Bein' the star pitcher for the Martens helps, you know. Everybody knows me in this town. They'll get to know you, too, Eddie."

"That's right," Eddie nodded, and he was thinking that this was the way it all ended—a one-horse restaurant in a one-horse town you didn't even know was on the map. He thought bleakly, *Where is the ticker tape, Bobo, and the blaring auto horns, and fifty-five thousand standing up and cheering. Don't you miss it?*

They went inside and he met Bobo's wife, a big woman with a friendly smile. She worked behind the counter, and it was evident that she ran the restaurant while Bobo played ball and drew the customers with his name.

"Anything you want," Bobo said as they took one of the booths. "This is on the house, Eddie, boy. I'll be eatin' light, myself, because—" He stopped, and Eddie said to him:

"Your turn to pitch this afternoon, Bobo?"

"That's right," Bobo nodded. (Continued on page 77)

Bundle from Britain

Pert Sally Douglas

■ She's twenty years old, an even twenty-four inches around the waist and as English as the wonderful Surrey air she breathes every day. Her name is Sally Douglas and for those interested in vital statistics—and what mere male isn't?—she's tall, lithe, and 58-24-36. Her jet-black hair is a shining frame for a garish complexion that never came out of a tube and her hazel eyes are the loveliest you can find anywhere.

Sally's success in the entertainment field is the result of ambition and years of hard work.

PHOTOS BY PICTORIAL PRESS—GLOBE





At age four she had her first ballet lesson. While her little friends played with dolls Sally practiced, and eventually danced her way to perfection. She could have been a prima ballerina, until one day she was asked to take a small part in an amateur play. That was three years ago, and the opening chapter in her career as an actress. In that short time she has had spectacular success in TV and movies in England and on the Continent. But a girl with





Bundle from Britain



Sally's beauty and ambition is bound to spread her talents in other directions, and we predict that you'll be seeing her name up in lights on this side of the Atlantic.

In the meanwhile, our photographer discussed another important subject. Listen carefully, fellows:

"My ideal man? Well, he'd rather have to be kind and well-mannered. I like men slim and vital and athletic. If he liked swimming and riding as much as I do, I rather think we might hit it off . . ."

There you have it, men. Your tired editor is too heavy for any horse but a Percheron, but he's going on a diet right now. Swimming, anyone?

Our bet—a fine place in film fame for this pert miss. Any takers? ■



THE DEADLY ONE

In these amazing pictures, ADVENTURE shows what happened when an experienced skin diver tackled a giant sting ray forty feet below the surface of Florida waters. This time, the man almost didn't win!

PHOTOS BY CARROLL SEGHES

Face to face with dread sting ray, diver lunged for hold, found it—risking being torn by barbs—and landed flailing creature after hard battle.



Did you ever hear of the little green men? . . . the Venusian space dog? the nightmare "Oregon Vortex?" You just haven't lived, man—not out of this world, that is, until you've discovered in the silent dark, how

THEY COME ALIVE AT MIDNIGHT

BY LONG JOHN NEBEL as told to HERB BAILEY

PHOTOS BY SAM VANGIVERT

"ON December fifteenth, we shall take off from earth and proceed to the moon. We will land there. After a short period of observation, we will return. Shortly thereafter, we shall make flights to Mars and Venus and probably other planets in the solar system."

These words were calmly and seriously uttered in a matter-of-fact tone into the microphone in front of the speaker. The speaker was a rather distinguished, middle-aged man with a calm, blue-eyed level gaze. His companion, also of imposing appearance, assented gravely to the speaker's statements.



Left: Long John Nebel (back to camera) and The Mystic Barber.

Illusionist magician Neff has been known to "disappear."



Old-time favorite "Theodore" works himself into a lather on theory: People should walk on all-fours.



March Provert's wife eases tension while he goes back 500,000 years and talks in the voice of his mentor.



Kuda Bux demonstrates ability to look through forehead. His eyes are taped.



Panelist Peavey wearing mask designed from instructions given her by friends from outer space.



Cast of footprint of a "missing link" shown by Ivan Sanderson, famous zoologist-explorer.



The speaker was not Wernher von Braun, America's foremost rocket expert, nor was it his Russian counterpart. Nor was it the President of the United States announcing our future space plans; nor the Premier of the Soviet Union.

The words were not spoken at Cape Canaveral or Washington or Moscow, yet millions of persons in thirty-two states heard them. The speaker and his companion were interviewed for five and one-half hours, each carefully going into some detail as to how the flight would be accomplished, the type of spaceship employed, and the method of propulsion.

Lastly, the scene did not occur in a mental institution (which might be a logical guess). There is only one place on the third planet from the Sun where it could have happened.

It happened, of course, on my Party Line program, over New York's radio station, WOR.

Let's face it. The Party Line may or may not be the best on the air. But it's the most talked about, for sure.

Some guests are eminent scientists, and their thoughts, however seemingly fantastic, must be taken seriously; others, not having attained the world's respect, might be considered "crackpots" or charlatans. But in case you're curious as to who the predictor of the December space voyage was, let me hasten to inform you that he was and is Otis T. Carr.

In case the name Carr doesn't ring the proverbial bell, we will explain further. Mr. Carr is an inventor who lives in Baltimore when he isn't traveling and lecturing. He is the founder of OTC, Inc., an organization which is purportedly already capable of launching manned space vehicles, provided it can raise the funds to build them.

Mr. Carr and associates guarantee to deliver in one year from the (Continued on page 70)

Press preview at Oklahoma City, prior to hoped-for flight of the OTC Model XI circular foil spacecraft.



NOBODY KILLS DON GUZMAN

"Come out shooting, Texas man. I desire to see how a Gringo dies!"

BY GORDON MACCREAGH

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE GRANDEE

ADVENTURE



They didn't have a chance. But the thought of what could happen to the girl was going to keep them fighting.

JIM WESTON bulked on wide planted feet between the stone doorposts of the hacienda. The original vandal who had built it out of the debris of an Inca temple had set those posts purposely narrow, and Weston's shoulders just missed filling the space.

His face might have been carved from the weathered oak of the iron-bound Spanish door. Only his hair, sun-bleached to the color of his own prairie grass, indicated that he was not native to this land of darker and much mixed bloods. In

his hard Texas Spanish and with a grin just hard enough to show he was glad to do it, he handed on his message—a hard message.

"It regrets me, Don Guzman. Miss Filmore does not wish to see you."

Don Guzman's horse, experienced in his master's rages, splattered nervous hoofs under his sudden movement.

"Come dice? What madness is this? Listen, you!" Don Guzman's eyes retreated into (Continued on page 58)

FEBRUARY, 1962

43

SEA BEAST'S PREY

Continued from page 15

I didn't really expect anything to come of the killing. It was simply an outlet for the sudden fear and it continued for some time until I could get control of myself.

I had no defense against the shark, so weapons of any sort, and my legs felt one hundred feet long, dangling in the clear water. I had heard talk of the natural cowardice of most sharks, but compared to me the owner of that fin was Richard the Lionhearted. Sharks would not, so the talk went, attack a live man unless they were angered or very hungry. I hoped fervently that all of this was dependable and that my shark had been getting enough to eat lately.

I started kicking my feet in the water to allow no doubt to enter my mind whether I was dead or alive. From then on I never stopped kicking for more than a few seconds at a time. To keep it up I had to part with my twenty-dollar red cordovan shoes, but I sent them to the bottom without a pang.

Now that the danger was real, fewer things seemed important. Unfortunately, my socks slipped off shortly after the shoes and my white feet became conspicuous. I noticed all the harder.

So began a private cold war, unknown to a woman engaged that summer of 1944 in the hottest war in history.

The fin silently described an endless, clockwise circle in the sea with me as the center. I kept up my splashing show of force and turned slowly with the fin, always in the same direction. In his corner, the shark apparently came across appetizers, for there would be brief, violent struggles in the water, sending the prey flying, and then the patrolling would be resumed around the main dish.

This between-meals eating, though startling, was reassuring; the more he ate the less he wanted, I reasoned. The very sight of the fin became a comfort; it showed me where he was. When it disappeared for even a second my fear ran wild and I would kick furiously and splash the water around me until I saw it rise again into the stealthy circle.

But the shark never attacked me, nor was there ever a close shave in the circle. But his insidious presence would instill into

my memory so that when I hear of fires and fires who disappear and never come back, I think of small, private cold wars suddenly turning hot and ending in terror.

THERE were training planes constantly in the area that day, as there were every day. I could hear them all of the time and sometimes see them. A few passed very close to my position, and one, a single-engine float plane, suddenly appeared very low and headed straight for me.

I was sure that I had been spotted, but in case it was just a coincidence, I opened the package of dye-marker and a bright, green-yellow slick immediately began forming on the surface. I swam to spread it over a larger area and began waving at the on-coming plane.

It passed almost directly over me, not more than ten feet above the water. I could see the pilot's face clearly, and I screamed at him and catapulted myself half out of the water as he went by. But his head did not turn my way and the plane flew straight on and disappeared into the haze.

Now the fat was in the fire. The dye-marker, all I had, was in the water and would last only a limited time. One more trouble to add to the menace of the shark. Yet such was my optimism at the time, that I accepted the passing of the float plane conclusively. If he had come that close, others would, too, and by now the bright slick had spread so wide that I would not be missed.

About the time I felt that searchers should be arriving, four land planes appeared heading toward me from the west at about 300 feet. The light clouds had broken up and the sky was almost entirely clear. I centered myself in the yellow slick and started waving.

The formation appeared to be passing a little to the south when it banked and began coming directly toward me. I could see each of the pilots clearly as they made their turns and I felt confident that at least one of the four had seen the big stain on the water. But they roared overhead and continued northward, apparently not seeing, probably not trying, the same navigation exercise I had been flying.

The sun was beginning to decline now, and as I watched the four planes growing smaller and thought of the pilots landing soon and walking over solid ground to their rooms to change their clothes for dinner, I began to feel cold and hungry and lost. Under this depression of spirit, the threat of my circling enemy grew darker and I wondered how much longer his patience would last. As for me, my patience had to last.

When I had been in the water an estimated three hours, with about two of daylight left, I heard the first PBY. I couldn't see it, but the heavy rumble of its engines was unmistakable.

I could hear it coming and going somewhere north of me and, I thought, gradually nearing. I talked to it and coasted it and finally I saw it, lumbering beautifully back and forth in its search pattern, coming closer with every turn. Then to the east, in the distance, I saw a second one and to the right a third, all three methodically pushing the line of search southwest toward me.

I tried to locate my yellow slick but it was nowhere to be seen. The descending sun had paved all the sea the same dazzling yellow. But no matter, the watchers aboard the PBY would have glasses. They were looking just for me and if they kept coming they would find me. I was overjoyed and with a new burst of energy began waving with one hand and splashing the water into the sunlight with the other.

But the big P-boats did not keep coming. After a quarter of a mile from my position they made their turn and headed jog. flew a long parallel leg, and then apallingly turned north. I waved and splashed furiously in hopes that some watcher would make a last backward sweep with his glasses. At last I gave up in exhaustion and watched the three planes work their way home as they had come, back and forth, back and forth, until they were out of sight. I listened to their engines growing fainter and clung to the dying sound as though it still held some promise of rescue.

When the last vibration had ceased, the sun had vanished, too, and the eastern half of the sea was darkened. Several float planes came and went in the distance, their red and green navigation lights tracing melancholy paths through the dark, and when the last of these had drained away the sky was dark, even in the west. The

air was still and the sea was silent, except for my incessant kicking, like a fencer flailing running after someone in the house had gone to sleep.

As the sky changed from royal blue to black and the stars began to twinkle in greater number than I had ever seen before, I could not help being impressed. You do not know the majesty of nature unless you have been in its mercy. The line between sea and sky was gone and the dark water appeared to stretch away to the stars. It was a primal world, and different even to breathe. I tried artificial respiration by pushing against the lower ribs with both hands, but the shivering was stronger than the pushing.

It seemed that it might end in my drowning then and there, and I decided to try a survival stunt I had once seen demonstrated. It consisted of tying knots in the arms and legs of a flying suit and swinging it through the air and down to the water where it was supposed to float by virtue of the captured air. Of course this meant taking off the Mae West until I had gotten out of the suit, and I hesitated to separate myself from my precious support in the dark. But I did succeed, making a raft, which looked disturbingly like a dead man floating in the water.

The suit, however, would not hold its air under my weight and the experiment ended in failure and wasted energy. Strangely, though, when I had put the suit back on I felt warmer, and with the ever-comforting Mae West back around my neck, the shivering abated and I was once again on my way to nowhere.

The thousand vicissitudes of the night were more mental than actual and eventually I thought I heard boots approaching, engines throttling up and down, ours lapping in the water. I thought I saw searchlight beams swinging in the blackness. I heard voices calling and I called back. The sound of my voice was cheerful and I began singing my favorite songs while I relived the favorite parts of my life.

The first light of the new day was a false dawn, and the eastern sky remained sullenly gray while the wind picked up and became swinging in the rear. There was power in the slaps of the waves now, and I began letting them roll over me instead of trying to slide across their flying crests. The swells rolled over me and carried me forward and then running ahead, leaving me to slide back into the trough

make. But it was difficult to forget even for a moment the stupor of the situation.

In the first darkness, I had been certain that the shark would come at me now that I could not see him. But in time he became used to a passing vessel so subordinate to the cold. During the afternoon, the water had been rather warm, but after sundown it chilled quickly. As the time passed, my body heat was drained and I began shivering.

My teeth chattered until I thought they would break, and at length I found it difficult even to breathe. I tried artificial respiration by pushing against the lower ribs with both hands, but the shivering was stronger than the pushing.

It seemed that it might end in my drowning then and there, and I decided to try a survival stunt I had once seen demonstrated. It consisted of tying knots in the arms and legs of a flying suit and swinging it through the air and down to the water where it was supposed to float by virtue of the captured air. Of course this meant taking off the Mae West until I had gotten out of the suit, and I hesitated to separate myself from my precious support in the dark. But I did succeed, making a raft, which looked disturbingly like a dead man floating in the water.

The suit, however, would not hold its air under my weight and the experiment ended in failure and wasted energy. Strangely, though, when I had put the suit back on I felt warmer, and with the ever-comforting Mae West back around my neck, the shivering abated and I was once again on my way to nowhere.

The thousand vicissitudes of the night were more mental than actual and eventually I thought I heard boots approaching, engines throttling up and down, ours lapping in the water. I thought I saw searchlight beams swinging in the blackness. I heard voices calling and I called back. The sound of my voice was cheerful and I began singing my favorite songs while I relived the favorite parts of my life.

The first light of the new day was a false dawn, and the eastern sky remained sullenly gray while the wind picked up and became swinging in the rear. There was power in the slaps of the waves now, and I began letting them roll over me instead of trying to slide across their flying crests. The swells rolled over me and carried me forward and then running ahead, leaving me to slide back into the trough

until the next arrived. This back-did, together with the sight of the whitecaps rushing northward past me, shattered the illusion of progress.

THE sun had been up about an hour and the hard-running sea was sparkling in clear light, when a line of PBYs appeared on the northern horizon, stretching east and west the limits of my vision. I saw them before I heard the engines, for my ears were now filled with the rush of water.

Straight out they came this time, two or three hundred feet above the water, and spaced so that the area between every two planes could be scanned by both. The magnitude of the effort put forth by so many men for the sake of one was inspiring, and I felt that the sea was already giving up its prisoner.

Two of the P-boats were going to straddle my position evenly. I took off the Mae West and held it above the water, turning its yellow surface first to one and then to the other of the nearest planes, while the armada swept on until it was abreast of me and its engines were drowning out the sound of the waves.

I turned anxiously from one side to the other, watching for the first flutter of recognition from one of the big wings.

Minus my support, I got the worst of the waves and when I had cleared my eyes and regained my breath the line was vanishing toward the southern horizon, and the climax of my night's waiting had come and gone. Still holding up the Mae West, I was left like a peddler whose wares had been refused.

My worst fear—that I simply couldn't be seen from the air, even when some watcher turned his glasses directly upon me—gnawed at the last shreds of my spirit. In about an hour the planes came back and again passed serenely over me on their way home, and I think that if I had been standing at that moment I would have clapped.

Many planes of all descriptions searched in the area throughout the morning. But except for the moral support lent by their presence, they might as well have sailed the gulf. By noon the sky was deserted and I began to feel that though the search would probably be resumed in the afternoon, sea conditions all night, the searchers no longer really believed in my existence and so couldn't possibly find me.

I knew that I would not survive an-

ADVENTURE MAGAZINE





NEW ORLEANS' PAINTED FANCY GIRLS THE SCARLET LADIES OF STORYVILLE

A VITAL SELF-TEST FOR MEN WHAT IS YOUR REAL SEX BALANCE?

Germany's Infamous SEX MONSTER

THE BEAST WHO PREYED BY NIGHT

THE STORY THEY DIDN'T DARE TELL

THE LOVE GIRLS OF THE KREMLIN

PLUS MANY, MANY MORE



at your newsstand now!

other night. Hunger and thirst were acute, and my stomach was increasingly crumbly about the salt water that constantly dripped down to it. The tired lower walls were incapable of retching any more and I hung partially doubled up with nausea. I was too sick even to worry about the shark, and I hadn't seen him all day, anyway.

But a new enemy arrived to pester me out of my lethargy. A school of small gray fish not more than six or eight inches long suddenly surrounded me and, to my amazement, began nibbling at my hands and feet.

When I kicked and struck at them they showed no fear but only attacked more viciously. The biting was painless because my hands and feet were numb, but the ugly little mouths were speedily doing away with the soft, water-soaked tips of my fingers and toes.

I fought back at them with a pencil I found in the pocket of my flying suit, but though they were thick around me and I hit them repeatedly, the sharp point only slid along their fat little sides and they pressed their attack unceasingly. In my fury I shed the first tears of the long ordeal, tears of chagrin at the superiority of the little devils, and of weariness with the whole business.

Then, as mysteriously as they had come, the fish went away. Why, I don't know. Maybe they didn't like the taste. But suddenly they weren't there any more. They came and went as aimlessly as all the other dangers and torments, and even the rescuers, seemed to come and go. All attempts to save and destroy me seemed half-hearted, only to me did my life and death seem to be matters of urgency. In gathering safety, I felt surrounded by men and creatures who were all insane and I thought that I too might lose my mind if something around me did not begin to act sensibly.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, when the sun was back in the position it had lighted at the time of the crash, the wind died down and the water calmed into a slight choppliness. Encouraged by a line of clouds forming in the north, which I took to be an indication of the shoreline, I began swimming again.

But the effects of prolonged exposure to sun and wind and salt were telling on me. Because of the rubbing of the wet suit, salt-water sores had formed on the insides of my elbows and knees and were spreading up and down the arms and legs with every motion. My throat had become sore and felt as though it was swelling shut. The sun and wind had baked my face so thoroughly that my eyes were beginning to close. I could see forward only dimly, and to the sides not at all. My brain grew feverish and the defects in my vision led me to think that I was entering a harbor. The darkness ahead was the land and the blurring on either side were the pillars of docks. Intermittently, I began reaching down with one foot to see if I could touch the bottom.

I pictured myself landing on some beach and immediately falling down to sleep. I saw the tide coming in and drowning me in my sleep, and I would come to my senses with my head slopping in the water, and begin swimming again.

There were still periods of rationality, too, when I knew that it was nowhere near land and never would be.

During one of these, as I stopped for a moment to rest, I turned and saw a good-sized boat, already past me and going southward. It appeared to be a mahogany-colored cabin cruiser, and on the after-deck I could see a bright-colored awning with a table and chairs underneath. I conjured up the cool drinks and fancy sandwiches with which the table would be set.

I waved and called until she was out of sight, but no one appeared on deck.

THE SUN was in its second descent, and though I could scarcely see it now even by looking directly into it, its heat had intensified, as though it were pushing toward the earth. To alleviate the increasing pains in my head, I tore off my undershirt and made a sort of bandage with holes for my eyes and nose. The device gave remarkable relief. Beneath it I became oblivious of sun and water.

I thought I heard plumes from time to time but didn't think it worth stopping to look for them. I had become as stern a realist as the sea itself. I remonstrated here at the delay of the week-bearded old trick of Sunday motorists. I stopped thinking about God, since it appeared that His will was not the same as my own. Instead, I cited myself on the actual determination that drives an abandoned dog homeward until he either makes it or drops. I thought sentimentally about the miracle I cared for. I would not allow them to receive tragic telegrams. Nor would I suffer the indignity of leaving my carcass to be fought over by the fish. I threw before my mind the spectacle of my better self and my arms grew stronger with the heroism exemplified. Still no land touched my groping toe, and so a little farther, a little further—come on now, so sleeping till dark . . . just a little further . . .

In the twenty-sixth hour I thought I heard voices behind me and when I turned, a boat stood in the water at my back, and I faced lined the rail, staring down at me. It was the boat that had passed me earlier, not a mahogany cruiser, but a battle-gray Navy rescue craft that had been sent for me for two days. Homeward bound, its fruitless search completed, it had spotted me by my white bonnet.

A ladder was put down the side and with the helping hand of a smiling Negro sailor I climbed aboard and set my feet on the solid deck.

For all my swimming, I had been picking up very near to the spot at which I had landed. During the three-hour voyage back to Pensacola, as I lay below in a warm, dry bunk, sipping milk and savoring and listening to the disappointed sea beating against the bottom of the boat, I had to laugh at myself, and at the same time I was glad of the gratitude I had shown to the back of my swollen throat. It was good to have friends like the earnest, tireless skipper of the boat and his crew, friends such as all of the soldiers I had shown themselves to be. It was good to know that no tragic telegrams would be sent. And most of all, it was wonderful to have heard, however clumsily, so determined an enemy as the sea.

DO NOT BE HALF-TRAINED...

Be A MASTER TECHNICIAN

In One Of AMERICA'S BIG 3 INDUSTRIES

MAKE MORE MONEY

A Successful Career... Security... Are Yours NOW in Modern Industry!

RIGHT NOW IS THE BEST TIME for you to get into the field of your choice! You can be a part of its growth, you can increase your earning power, you can really build a Successful, Secure Future. Send coupon for complete facts by mail... NO SALES MAN WILL CALL!

N.T.S. TRAINS YOU RIGHT, FAST and EASY! Incomplete "short-cut" training limits your earning power; disqualifies you for top-pay jobs. N.T.S. Shop Tested Home Training is:

- * BETTER—classroom developed, lab and shop tested, industry-approved, home study designed
- * MORE COMPLETE—you learn All Phases and you receive Everything You Need for Success...
- * LOWER COST—One Master Course of One Low tuition gives you more training at lower cost.

TRAINING PAYS FOR ITSELF and MORE... Earn your tuition—come on now, while in training. We'll show you how. Many students have... so can you!

TELEVISION RADIO-ELECTRONICS

FREE BOOK

Business of Your Own or High-Pay Career in...
 Service & Repair
 Broadcasting & Communications
 Hi-Fi & Stereo Sound Systems
 Electronics for Distant Markets
 TV-Radio Sales
 FCC License Preparation

Includes...
 RADIO SET
 TV SET
 MULTITESTER

AUTO MECHANICS & DIESEL

FREE BOOK

Business of Your Own or High-Pay Career in...
 Automobiles
 Motor Turn-Up
 Automotive Transmissions
 Diesel & Fuel Injection
 Overhauling & Rebuilding

Includes...
 TOOLS
 SOCKET SET
 ANALYZERS

AIR CONDITIONING REFRIGERATION ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

FREE BOOK

Business of Your Own or High-Pay Career in...
 Air-Cond. Repair-Ref. Installation
 Electrical Appliances
 Small & Domestic
 Heating, Motor & Combustion
 Service, Service & Repair
 Manufacturing & Distribution

Includes...
 TOOLS
 GAUGES
 TESTER

GET THE BENEFIT OF OUR OVER 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE

CHOOSE YOUR FIELD. SELECT ONE OF THE "BIG 3" NOW. CHECK COURSE DESIRED

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905

National Technical Schools, Dept. 3F-12
 4000 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 27, Calif.

Please rush FREE Book and Actual Lesson checked below. No obligation. No salesman will call.

☐ TV-Radio-Electronics Book
☐ Auto-Mechanics & Diesel Book
☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Electrical Appliance Book

CHECK ONE

Name _____ Age _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____
☐ Check here if interested ONLY in Resident Training at L.A. VETERANS Give date of discharge. #1318

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905

National Technical Schools, Dept. 3F-12
 4000 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 27, Calif.

Please rush FREE Book and Actual Lesson checked below. No obligation. No salesman will call.

☐ TV-Radio-Electronics Book
☐ Auto-Mechanics & Diesel Book
☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Electrical Appliance Book

CHECK ONE

Name _____ Age _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____
☐ Check here if interested ONLY in Resident Training at L.A. VETERANS Give date of discharge. #1318

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905

National Technical Schools, Dept. 3F-12
 4000 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 27, Calif.

Please rush FREE Book and Actual Lesson checked below. No obligation. No salesman will call.

☐ TV-Radio-Electronics Book
☐ Auto-Mechanics & Diesel Book
☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Electrical Appliance Book

CHECK ONE

Name _____ Age _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____
☐ Check here if interested ONLY in Resident Training at L.A. VETERANS Give date of discharge. #1318



MACAO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

its leg. He would put the chick on the table. He would put out some of the string. If the little chick went to the left, he would be on high. If it decided to go right, he would put his money on low to win. When the bird went, the old man would kiss it. The poor little chick, however, received a blow on the head whenever he went in the wrong direction.

Chinese are inveterate gamblers and come to Macao from as far away as Taipei, Singapore and Bangkok to try their luck. Many of them are the fabulously wealthy taipans, who will bet thousands of dollars on one shake of the dice. It's not uncommon either to see a desperately poor woman with a baby strapped on her back standing beside a table and betting the equivalent of eight American cents. Win or lose, she will always leave after that one wager.

Macao doesn't have as dramatic a scene as Monte Carlo's Suicide Leap, so the heavy losers are forced to do away with themselves in a more prosaic manner.

Recently a government clerk lost all the money he had embezzled that day. When he realized the position he was in, he ran for the window and took a great dive from the sixth floor. Unfortunately, he landed on a hapless pedicab driver, who was killed instantly. The clerk, badly bleeding, bruised and torn, was rushed to the hospital. He promptly leaped through a window on the third floor and this time was successful.

The Central Hotel has gambling facilities on four of the floors, but the only one frequented by foreigners is the casino on the sixth floor. Here all the croupiers are foreigners and the tables are immaculately clean. All the other floors are a mess. The croupiers sit there in their ragged undersuits and when they aren't raking in the money, they are sleeping.

Why the Chinese always spit, I don't know. "Please do not spit" signs are seen everywhere in Hong Kong, but the Portuguese permit the residents of Macao to spit at will. The croupiers, however, have been provided with spittoons which they must fill several times during the course of the night, but no such amenities have been provided for my room.

The Central Hotel also boasts a night club, the only one in Macao. I walked in one night to break a losing streak at the tables and the head waiter leaped upon me the moment I entered.

"Oh, you're an American! My name is Al. I have so many American friends. Sit here at this table in the place. I'll bring you some American whiskey."

"He was back in a matter of seconds and placed a drink in front of me."

"Well, you're a damn American friend," he said, throwing his arm around me affectionately, "have you picked out the girl

you want yet? How about that little Chinese girl over there with the blue dress? She's so beautiful. I'll bring her over for you."

"Hey, come on back!" I shouted, stopping Al in his headlong dash for the girl. "I don't want her here for a drink!"

The poor guy was crestfallen. "You don't like Chinese girls, I see. All right, then," he said brightening. "I'll get you a Portuguese girl."

"Look, I just want to sit here and drink my drink and watch the floor show."

"But the manager always gives me hell if he sees a man sitting in here without a girl. Let me call over one little girl for you one little drink." Al pleaded. "That's my job, you know, to keep the customers happy."

"Well, Al, you've certainly made me very happy," I said, finishing my drink. "Thank you for all your kind offers, but I'm going to play casino."

"Good idea," my friend agreed. "We'll play casino. I've got a system. We can make plenty of money."

It took some time to convince him that his job was in the nightclub keeping the customers happy, but he got the idea after I pushed him back through the door of the club several times. His last words were, "I'll pick you up at ten in the morning and show you around Macao."

MY luck at casino was still bad and the novelty of being sprayed with spitte had worn off. I decided to turn in.

"Oh, my friend," the floor captain greeted me when I got upstairs. "I have a very nice girl here for you." He was so pleased with my luck that I was able to see every one of his gold teeth.

"What girl? I don't ask you for a girl," I protested.

"Yes, yes. When you come into hotel I ask you if you want girl. You say 'No. Not now.' That mean you want girl later but not now, so bimeby I go catch girl for you. Nice Shanghai girl. Only cross border today from Red China."

"Well, you'd have to take her back to Red China or wherever you caught her, because I'm going to bed," I told him, starting for my room.

I hadn't gone three steps before he was alongside me hanging onto my sleeve.

"Kumshun," he demanded. "Give me two palace kumshuns." Then, for the first time, I recognized the glazed eyes of the opium smoker.

Dope addicts abound in Macao and you don't have to be a sleuth to find an opium den. It's all illegal, of course, and a great many of Macao's two hundred thousand residents are addicted. Occasionally, the Portuguese officials raid the opium parlors and round up all the smokers. Often times, a package of heroin is seized and

customers are publicly humiliated. This act is publicized world-wide and makes the United Nations think that the Portuguese customs people in Macao are really on the ball. An Englishman put it this way!

"Why don't they leave the poor beggars alone? If a pipe of opium will make life in Macao any more bearable, let them smoke it, I say. I'd blow my head as a smoker if I had to live here."

Gold in Macao is seen ordinarily only in the mouths of the Chinese, yet millions of dollars worth of gold are poured into—and through—the Colony every year. Portugal has never seen fit to sign an international gold regulation agreement, so "I only covet-rich little Macao finds itself the center of the Asian gold trade."

Hong Kong merchants buy the gold legally on the London gold market and sell it in Macao. The Portuguese customs officials conscientiously collect the import duty of forty-two cents an ounce, Macao's biggest source of revenue, then turn their backs. The gold bars are melted down into thin sheets or small bars and are then ready to be smuggled to any part of the world where gold is regulated.

Al picked me up the next morning and we chugged into the Barrier Gate in a 1936 Dodge. The Barrier Gate is not really a gate at all, but a mere check-point. I didn't even see anyone doing any checking. A Red Chinese guard can be seen leaning against a tree standing wistfully at the Free World a few yards away, and on the Portuguese side a guard from Portuguese East Africa can be seen leaning against his tree. Buses, cars and trucks rumble through the Bamboo Curtain without showing a pass or slowing down.

Just recently, four British soldiers on leave from Hong Kong hopped on a bus in Macao that was headed for Canton in the Red China. The Communists returned them the next day with no identification papers at all. The soldiers claimed that they had had a few too many and forgot that they were in Macao. When they saw a bus, they assumed that was the one they always took back to their barracks. The hang-over from that drunk could have lasted the rest of their lives.

"Have you ever had any real serious clashes here on the border?" I asked Al.

"Oh, no. None at all since they cut off our water."

"Since they what?"

"Well," Al went on, "a few years ago a big anti-Communist escaped to Macao. The Red Chinese wanted him back, but the Portuguese refused. To retaliate, the Reds re-routed the River. It used to flow through Macao into the sea. Now all we have left is a dry river bed. We're dependent upon the Communists for every drop of fresh water, and they can cut off the supply whenever they feel like it. We're forced to play footsie with them. All our fresh food comes from the other side of the border, too. Just about everything you've eaten here has been in Macao since from Red China."

"Do the Red Chinese come over here quite often?" I asked.

Al started to laugh. "They do, and sometimes it's very funny. Last year an

Now get the FREE FACTS about EXCITING OUTDOOR ADVENTURES

CAPEERS OF THE WILDERNESS

PROTECT FORESTS and WILDLIFE—ARREST VIOLATORS!

To expose and protect our forests, fish and wildlife resources, we need more experienced men. We are now engaged in a campaign for Conservation Laws and enforcement. Positions of rangers, wardens, game warden, and other exciting activities. Includes training, salary, and retirement. Same as government service. No previous experience necessary. Send for our great national resources.

Prepare at Home to become a GAME WARDEN... PARK RANGER... FISH HATCHERYMAN or Aid & Assistant

Maximums That Require Less Formal Education

GOOD PAY—SECURITY—PENSIONS

Full-time Conservation jobs are permanent. No layoffs because of slow business, never a "dead end" job. You can make a good future as a conservationist with the U.S. Forest Service. Good income for life. In the future, you can make a good income for life. In the future, you can make a good income for life. In the future, you can make a good income for life.

SEEK WHAT SOME OF US HAVE FOUND

1. I've been employed by the U.S. Forest Service for 12 years. I've been employed by the U.S. Forest Service for 12 years. I've been employed by the U.S. Forest Service for 12 years. I've been employed by the U.S. Forest Service for 12 years. I've been employed by the U.S. Forest Service for 12 years.

Let These Experts Guide You

Although you study at home, you are never alone. North American School's Conservation experts supervise your progress. Only you with personal contact and advice based upon their own years of on-the-job experience in the field. Our complete course program as designed for field work is a complete success.

Editor Field & Stream Lures Course

"You are to be congratulated on the comprehensive coverage you have given these subjects in the past." We have started a series in Field & Stream which include profiles on the Game Warden, Park Ranger, Fishery Conservationist, etc. This series complements your Timber & Wildlife Course very nicely. Hugh Gray, Editor

ALL FREE! RUSH COUPON TODAY!

1. I am interested in the U.S. Forest Service and would like to receive the free facts about exciting outdoor adventures. 2. I am interested in the U.S. Forest Service and would like to receive the free facts about exciting outdoor adventures. 3. I am interested in the U.S. Forest Service and would like to receive the free facts about exciting outdoor adventures.

OPPORTUNITIES IN YOUR STATE

1. I am interested in the U.S. Forest Service and would like to receive the free facts about exciting outdoor adventures. 2. I am interested in the U.S. Forest Service and would like to receive the free facts about exciting outdoor adventures. 3. I am interested in the U.S. Forest Service and would like to receive the free facts about exciting outdoor adventures.

North American School of Conservation, Dept. 942

1115 Bodsworth, Covington, Georgia

North American School of Conservation, Dept. 942

1115 Bodsworth, Covington, Georgia

You can get PAID FOR HUNTING AND FISHING!

A career in conservation is almost like a vacation with pay! Why be chained for life to a desk, a store counter, or a factory machine? Prepare now, in spare time at home, for an outdoor man's dream job in Forestry and Wildlife Conservation. Dozens of exciting classifications with both Federal and State Governments—also opportunities with luxurious private Fish and Game Clubs. For some you may already have the basic qualifications. Find out all about it now! Get the facts. Plan to live the outdoor life you love!

ENJOY a Lifetime of Thrills and Adventure!

Every day is a new adventure for the men in Forestry and Wildlife Service. Some hunt and trap mountain lions, coyotes, and wildcats. Some are trained to parachute from planes or climb in helicopters to help animals escape from by fire or flood, often to save the life of an injured carter or mountain climber. Advancing, public service, and good pay—an unbeatable 3-way combination!

Many start at \$3000 a year or more with regular civil service advances

Starting salaries in Conservation vary with educational requirements, but many begin at \$3000 or more. Hunters receive a bounty on individual "kills" ranging up to \$60 each for female mountain lions! Opportunities in conservation for advancement to \$10,000 and \$12,000 a year after sufficient experience and educational qualifications. Most Government jobs are Civil Service, which means regular raises, and many other advantages.

RESIDENT TRAINING AT OUR SUMMER CAMP

Enjoy a full week of outdoor life in the heart of the North American wilderness. Deep in the heart of Wyoming, first hand from experts learn secrets of the wilderness. The value of this training is optional, not required, but the field is yours to explore extra.

Age 17 or Older—No Experience Necessary! If you're an outdoor man at heart, planning today for a happy future doing what you most enjoy, this is the field for you! The value of this training is optional, not required, but the field is yours to explore extra.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

officer in the army came over. He wasn't in uniform, of course, but the police knew who he was and they watched him all the time. They didn't want to arrest him, though, because they were afraid that there might be some trouble if they did.

"The first place the fellow went was to the casino and his luck was bad. He lost all the time and the more he lost, the angrier he got. After a couple of hours of constant losing, he stamped out and stood in front of the hotel and—sure enough—along came one of the touts and asked him if he wanted to see an exhibition.

"Nobody knows what he expected to see, but he went along with the boy and the police followed. They went into one of those dark, dirty shacks on Tung Choi Tai Street and up the stairs to a room. The police waited in the shadow. After a few minutes their man came out, and he was plenty mad. 'Why did you take me to such a place, you filthy, little pig?' he kept shouting at the boy.

"The police told me later that he walked back to the border at such a pace that he kept saying to himself over and over, 'Dirty, filthy, decadent, capitalist pig!'

"Oh, that's fine," I laughed. "Maybe he considers that a typical evening's entertainment in the Free World and he won't be so anxious to take us over."

"The Communists have enough troubles already. Taking over Macao would just add to their problems," Al grinned.

Perhaps the nicest thing about Macao is that it doesn't take long to see it. Visit the Barrier Gate, the old home of Sun Yat Sen, the Buddha temple and the casino in the Central Hotel and that's it. If these things bore you, stand in front of your hotel and you're sure to get a few laughs.

"Hey, mister," a Macanese approached me one night while I was standing in the doorway of the Central, "you want a girl?"

"No."

"You want me to show dirty movies on ceiling of room?"

"No, thanks."

"You want to see exhibition? Boy with boy. Girl with girl. Boy with girl. Boy with man. Very nice."

"Nope. Not interested."

"You want some optimism?"

"No. Nothing at all," I said emphatically.

"Beat it!"

"What's the matter with you?" he asked in exasperation. "No want girl. No want to see dirty pictures. No want to see exhibition. No want optimism. No want nothing. Where you from, anyway?"

"Hong Kong."

"Oh, you come from Hong Kong." The dirty, little man glanced around him furtively, then whispered cautiously in my ear. "Anyone in Hong Kong you want killed?"

Yes, everything goes in this dirty little colony on the South China coast. For a price, you can get anything. Including, especially, disease and sudden death. ■

U.P.I. PHOTO



Macao is literally crawling with heroin addicts living in filth and poverty.

ANIMAL WOMEN

Continued from page 21

sighted an aborigine group. Bishop, the younger man, raised his field glasses with studied intention. He no sooner focussed the instrument than he gasped in astonishment, "hill—look!" Quickly! These perfect Albino women among them."

Dr. Fraser, peered unobserved at the group moving on a parallel course, shaking his head in puzzlement.

"These are not albino women," he said. "Look at the tail end."

The botanist trained the glasses upon the white woman in the foreground.

"There is a rich yellow tint to her hair. Albinos have a complete absence of hair coloring. It shows up as a pure bleached white," Fraser explained.

Bishop shrugged unconvinced. "Primitive peoples are known to use various forms of decorative hair coloring, like red clay and ochre."

"Hell, man! Note the woman's proportions. She is much taller; her legs are longer and her breasts are firmly shaped, not like the fatty bosoms of the tribe women."

Bishop adjusted his glasses to bring the other white woman into closer proximity. His gaze was astute. "Go! Go, you're right!" All three show the same distinctions, even in the texture of their hair!"

Bishop laid the binoculars slip down to the supportive band around his chest. "How could these women have found their way into such a group? What does it mean?"

Fraser said, "I don't remember any abduction of white women by any of the aborigines. They steer clear of the settlements. These people are as primitive as the Stone Ages."

Bishop said flatly, "We've got to release these women, somehow."

William R. B. Fraser, trait-hardened veteran was more realistic.

"Just how would you propose to do that?"

"The authorities," he began.

Fraser snorted. "By the time you contacted civilization, these babies will be gone, forever. They're as elusive as the wind."

He shook his head.

"Anything we want to do—we have to do ourselves," he said and gave the words time to sink in. "And—get this, Bishop, if you have any heretic mind! These people are among the few remaining cannibalistic human species."

Bishop nodded soberly.

"Something's got to be done," he said, "but we'll just hang back and watch until we can figure out what to do."

Breaking off their course, the field scientists followed the drifting aborigine nomadic group of some twenty-eight individuals: sixteen men, nine women—the three white women among them—and three children.

Wearing no garments for modesty or protection, not even the customary loin cloth, the white women moved among the group, their hair tangled and matted, their

SEE HOW AMAZING INVENTION SELLS ITSELF ON FREE TRIAL!

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY CENT NOW - I'LL COME BACK IN A FEW DAYS - AND YOU CAN SAY HE CUT OUT OF THE PROFITS

YOU MUST BE MIGHTY SURE IT WILL DO THE JOB TO MAKE AN OFFER LIKE THAT

THIS COMPANY GUARANTEES A RETURN OF 10 TIMES THE INVESTMENT IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR CONTRACT

I CAN'T LOSE ON AN OFFER LIKE THAT - SURE I'LL WIN IT A TRIAL

FOUR DAYS LATER

WELL, ARE YOU SATISFIED IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS?

SATISFIED! I'VE NEEDED YOUR MONEY - AND IN 13 DAYS RICH - WHY IN HECK DIDN'T SOMEONE INVENT THAT SOONER!

Long-needles invention puts New Blood in merchant's Profits

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING...NO SUPER SALESMANSHIP... USED BY THOUSANDS OF BUSINESSES—LARGE or SMALL

SEE WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE

\$500. in 5 days
day \$100 that week \$200 that month \$400.
Hope to not be in full time soon.
E. E. T. Co.



Made \$100 by most. \$200 by most. \$100 by most. \$200 by most. \$100 by most. \$200 by most.



Spent \$200. Got \$100. Spent \$200. Got \$100. Spent \$200. Got \$100. Spent \$200. Got \$100.



\$230. in 10 days
collected money waiting for you. THAT'S ALL THAT IS NECESSARY TO QUICKLY SHOW EARNINGS THAT MANY MEN NEVER BEFORE DREAMED POSSIBLE!



\$50. in 15 minutes, 100 prospects, make \$100. \$50. in 15 minutes, 100 prospects, make \$100.



\$127.50 in 10 days. In the 10 days I've been selling my program, I've made as high as \$127.50 in 10 days. In 10 days, I've made as high as \$127.50 in 10 days.

Are you able to go up to a merchant...like the salesman in the picture above—and say the following:

"Here is a unique invention that is bringing merchants a great deal of money month after month...I have many of their latest letters from equal as well as large merchants in your home town. You needn't take my word for it. You can see for yourself. I'll return to you as per the terms of their contract. And what's more, I'll give you a full and complete guarantee of my work. I'll be back in 4 days and I'll be back in 4 days and I'll be back in 4 days."

If you are a neat-appearing, wide-awake, ambitious man, able to say these words convincingly to merchants—able to give them a simple explanation of what our device does (according to directions as easy to follow as the words we give above)—and then leave one for a trial with prospects—coming back afterward with collected money waiting for you—THAT'S ALL THAT IS NECESSARY TO QUICKLY SHOW EARNINGS THAT MANY MEN NEVER BEFORE DREAMED POSSIBLE!

A Remarkable New Field—New in Its Infancy but Growing at an Astonishing Rate

Read some of the earnings shown in the paper. Nolan L. E. Tunc, for example—\$500.00 clear profit in a single month, in spare time. Only one way to make money like that—give your customers something that will make them a profit, too. No smart merchant balks at buying something that's going to make money for him. He buys Neon signs, or Colgate toothpaste, or soap, or advertising in the best newspapers. All these things make him money. Now there is another money-making device for business of small and large merchants. The small man is glad for something to step up his cash receipts, the big merchant makes a tremendous profit when he can get even a few percentage points of increase. With the letters to which merchants to place these prospects—truly amazing letters—a way is made smooth.

A Man-Size Profit Every Sale

There is little difference between the salesman who makes eight in ten sales a day with a knock-knock, and the man who with half the sales makes anywhere up to \$200 and even more many a week with the right proposition. The man who heads this company agent team on the road, and found no more difficulty in selling a proposition making a large, worthwhile profit than the small-paying time with sales men. And from there on, the profit goes up. On a \$20.00 sale you make \$20.00. And \$20.00 sales are frequent. On a \$50.00 Unit, you make \$40.00. And on \$100.00 units you make \$75.00 profit for you.

No-Risk Offer...Write Today

This thing is going across in a man-size way. We can't give "exclusive" to more than one man in any territory. That's a word the wise man will change to something new looks like to you, and the money that goes with success, too, write or wire.

F. E. ARMSTRONG, DEPARTMENT 6210-A

MOBILE, ALABAMA

NO RISK SAMPLE OFFER!

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE INFORMATION AND EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROPOSITION

You don't have to risk a dollar to try out this proposition. You don't need previous experience. You don't need the big gold mine of business or conducting, radio, automobile, etc.—no-sec. Many of those men were clerks, or from a similar lack of selling experience. We have one just like that. Take it from me, boys, it's not so elaborate as it sounds. It's just a simple, a really simple, but it's not—plenty. Check into this thing if it looks good to you, try it. If not, no harm done. Better hurry—this man had made great profits down here to talk up into starting letters that get away from them, someone else.

MAIL COUPON NOW

F. E. ARMSTRONG, Dept. 6210-A

Without obligation to me, send me full proposition.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

53

fully realized that a misunderstanding of the situation could mean not only the loss of the white women, but very conceivably their own lives.

They burst from the concealment of the brush, directly into the group, discharging their weapons overhead. The attack had been so sudden, so unexpected, and so unprecedented to these people, that for a long instant they appeared to be paralyzed.

Fraser struck the tall blonde woman bodily and the force of his charge knocked her to the ground. And in the same action, he brought down the rifle barrel back across the chin of the smallest white woman. She fell over instantly, crying out in pain.

Bishop had seized "Anna," encircling her neck with his arm and continuing to discharge his weapon with his free hand. The aborigines broke in panic and ran with bounding leaps, while looking back, seemingly without an awareness of what had occurred. The tall women scampered to her feet and almost broke free, but Fraser flung himself at her and brought her down once more. Her eyes showed terror and a lack of comprehension.

"We won't hurt you," Fraser cried. "We mean to help you. But if you run away, we shall be forced to shoot you." "You understand all this," Bishop said. "I know you do not to belong here among these people. We will return you to civilization unharmed!"

He bound their wrists behind their backs with the leather strips cut from his belt.

"Rip off those waist pouches," Bishop said. "Keep moving forward until each a point we can cross," Fraser said. He had to repeat himself, shouting over the rapid rush of the water.

As they moved, perhaps a mile upstream, they suddenly came upon the crouching aborigines, who had accomplished their encirclement.

When previously they had discharged their weapons into the air, they had no alternative now but to level their gunfire directly into the assaulting primitives. Fraser, with deadly accuracy, cut down one aborigine and then another, several of their fellows tripping and sprawling across them. Bishop struck a man just as he disappeared from view. A pistol report indicated that the spear had found its mark.

The aborigines retreated in fear at the "magic death" of their fellows. Reassured that the white men were not hostile, Fraser turned to examine the condition of his companion. He was astonished to discover that the tall blonde woman was already treating him.

"How did she get loose?" he asked Bishop. "I don't know," the botanist groaned. The woman turned to face Fraser. She was considerably calmer and more rational, though a vagueness remained behind a filmy gaze.

"I am a doctor," she said with evident difficulty, as one might in recovering the power of speech after a long period. Fraser realized that she had severed her bonds against the clipped streamers. He leaned over his friend and examined the spear wound. It had struck at the point where the arm joined the shoulder, at the outer edge of the chest cavity.

"How is your breathing, Ken?" Fraser asked. "Not good—" Bishop's face was deathly white. Fraser could not tell how badly he was hurt. There was considerable bleeding but he felt he could stop that by applying pressure at the pressure point. His concern was whether the spear had pierced the chest cavity.

"Is . . . he . . . going to be . . . well?" the blonde captive asked. "I hope so," Fraser said, staring at her intently. She seemed to be struggling as though to break through the shielded hell that shielded her from civilized awareness.

"Is it that the drug—the root effects are wearing off?" he asked, rising up one of the poles. "I am a doctor," she said with evident difficulty, as one might in recovering the power of speech after a long period.

He drew her to his hand, forcing the breath out of her with an arm wrapped around her and shoving her chin upward with his other hand, to keep her jaws closed.

"Are you all right now?" he asked her in a minute.

She tried to nod her head and he let her go. He seized her hand, firmly, though reassuringly.

"Trust me," he said. "I will help you."

The sight of tears welling up in her eyes, was a most heartening one for Fraser. He felt a surge of hope at the long, hard

doth was a definite stroke of ill-fortune. "Keep moving forward until each a point we can cross," Fraser said. He had to repeat himself, shouting over the rapid rush of the water.

As they moved, perhaps a mile upstream, they suddenly came upon the crouching aborigines, who had accomplished their encirclement.

When previously they had discharged their weapons into the air, they had no alternative now but to level their gunfire directly into the assaulting primitives. Fraser, with deadly accuracy, cut down one aborigine and then another, several of their fellows tripping and sprawling across them. Bishop struck a man just as he disappeared from view. A pistol report indicated that the spear had found its mark.

The aborigines retreated in fear at the "magic death" of their fellows. Reassured that the white men were not hostile, Fraser turned to examine the condition of his companion. He was astonished to discover that the tall blonde woman was already treating him.

"How did she get loose?" he asked Bishop. "I don't know," the botanist groaned. The woman turned to face Fraser. She was considerably calmer and more rational, though a vagueness remained behind a filmy gaze.

"I am a doctor," she said with evident difficulty, as one might in recovering the power of speech after a long period. Fraser realized that she had severed her bonds against the clipped streamers. He leaned over his friend and examined the spear wound. It had struck at the point where the arm joined the shoulder, at the outer edge of the chest cavity.

"How is your breathing, Ken?" Fraser asked. "Not good—" Bishop's face was deathly white. Fraser could not tell how badly he was hurt. There was considerable bleeding but he felt he could stop that by applying pressure at the pressure point. His concern was whether the spear had pierced the chest cavity.

"Is . . . he . . . going to be . . . well?" the blonde captive asked. "I hope so," Fraser said, staring at her intently. She seemed to be struggling as though to break through the shielded hell that shielded her from civilized awareness.

"Is it that the drug—the root effects are wearing off?" he asked, rising up one of the poles. "I am a doctor," she said with evident difficulty, as one might in recovering the power of speech after a long period.

He drew her to his hand, forcing the breath out of her with an arm wrapped around her and shoving her chin upward with his other hand, to keep her jaws closed.

"Are you all right now?" he asked her in a minute.

She tried to nod her head and he let her go. He seized her hand, firmly, though reassuringly.

"Trust me," he said. "I will help you."

The sight of tears welling up in her eyes, was a most heartening one for Fraser. He felt a surge of hope at the long, hard

road which lay ahead of them. Though Bishop was in a weakened condition Fraser got him on his feet. He could move. Less than thirty yards from the point of their attack, they found an easy crossing, ranging from knee- to waist-high, all the way across.

When "Anna" had shown reluctance at crossing, the blonde woman had cajoled her with utterances and physical gestures. Finally finding her name again, and shoving her, "Go—Anna! Go across!" And if anything, the sudden and sustained chill of the stream seemed further to clear her beclouded senses. When she arrived at the opposite side, and Fraser extended a hand to help her, she came toward him as though awakening from a deep sleep.

"I am Doctor Eugenia Norris," she said, in a glimmer of truth.

"Doctor—" Bishop gasped, and his eyes met Fraser's with complete incredulity. "Doctor of what?"

But the shatter of memory had fallen closed as suddenly as it had so tantalizingly exposed itself. The blonde woman was gesturing and making unintelligible utterances to the others. The one known as Anna was the most uncontrollable, with occasional savage outbursts accompanied by a threatening exposure of teeth, which required repeated blows on the strokes of the brush whips to subdue.

THE oncoming night was welcome indeed. The field scientists, weary from their observance of the aborigines that

they never journeyed by night. They could not know if it was a tribal taboo, but otherwise it led to an elemental, childish fear of darkness.

Suddenly Bishop sank to the ground. Loss of blood, coupled by the strain of continuing exertion, had brought on a gagging nausea.

"In going to try to sleep it off," he said, "if you think you can stick out the night. Otherwise I'll be holding you back in the morning."

"Go ahead," Fraser said. "We've still got a bottle of deacidine if I get drowsy." They were tucked behind the brush adjacent to an extensive open clearing lit by the moon. The hours passed, with only the sounds of the abundant insects of the brush, the occasional croak of a wild dog, and the rush of the stream.

Then suddenly the night was wreathed with the snarling, animalistic cries of the women. Anna had succeeded in working her bonds loose and Dr. Norris, in an attempt to restrain her, was locked in a gashing, biting frenzied struggle with the younger woman.

They were loath to pry them apart, and one of them bit his finger, paring the flesh away to the bone. As he pulled away, the younger woman leapt to her feet and broke away to the open clearing.

"What's going on?" Bishop was jolted to startled wakefulness.

Fraser pointed out the fleeing woman, who, having caught perhaps one hundred yards, was suddenly pounced upon by the

aborigines. And there, in clear view, under the bright lunar glow, Fraser and Bishop were witness to a grisly sight. The primitive men, keyed to a frenzy by either the white women's imagined betrayal, or some tribal taboo, fell upon her. Her screams were brief and piercing as they ravished her and tore her limb from limb.

Dr. Norris was sobbing, her face buried in his hands. Though his companion looked with frightened unconcern, making soft and whimpering cries like a scared animal.

"They're coming!" Bishop cried out.

Fraser looked up to see the aborigines, bounding toward them, the arousal of their blood frenzy overwhelming all other fears. He was not alone. The women discharged it in rapid order, picking off several of the screaming natives. "Start moving!" he urged Bishop, who arose shakily, with difficulty, and went with Dr. Norris, who guided her frightened companion.

The brush was denser, the farther in they went. Shielded from the moon, it was so dark it was impossible to distinguish shapes and forms.

The weakened and stumbling tourist in the lead as Fraser held up the rear, discharging his weapon, now, more for noise effect than anything else. He heard Bishop's outcry, but could not determine what had happened. If he had any other step to take, the tragedy met by his companion might have been repeated. The blonde woman extended her

ATTENTION! YOUNG MEN

WE OFFER YOU IMMEDIATE TRAINING

IN HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATION

We have men who are now heavy equipment operators earning \$151 per week. We will train you in this training as their first step.

The heavy construction industry is expanding throughout the world. Great opportunities for MEN... Graders... Loaders... and other heavy equipment needed for building factories, skyscrapers, hospitals, dams, bridges, highways.

BILLIONS OF DOLLARS will be paid MEN in this industry. Would you like to get training for HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATION? Our

home study—resident training can be the first step. Then finish training on the big, modern machines. Thousands of men are answering our announcement. Our representatives do not have time to wait the merely curious. If you are sincerely interested, the Northwest representative is ready to help you. Get information about age and other requirements which must be met to qualify for employment in this giant industry. You are not committed in any way. No interruption of your present job or schooling. Mail coupon without delay.

MAIL AT ONCE HEAVY EQUIPMENT TRAINING, DEPT. AA-27
Northwest School, Inc., 730 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Without obligation to us, send full information

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____
Nearest Phone _____
Working Hours _____

Which of These Success Stories Will Come True for YOU?

"Can a Man 'How I Stopped Into My Age A Big Pay Become a Hotel Executive?'"

"Yes," says F. E. Elmdorff, Jr., who became Assistant Manager of the Hotel Warwick, New York, without Hotel Experience

Mrs. J. Edna Kuechle, Inexperienced in Hotel Work, Wins Success As Hostess

F. H. Buck Becomes Motel Manager Though Without Previous Hotel Experience

"It Lewis hadn't started me on an interesting hotel career, I would have been a housewife. I felt like a 'square peg in a round hole.' After Lewis started me on a hotel career, I was a 'round peg in a square hole.' I have been appointed Assistant Manager of the Hotel Warwick, New York."

"After graduating from Lewis, their Placement Bureau, placed me as Social Hostess at this beautiful hotel in New York. During the winter season, I am at a lovely hotel in Florida. I am now a successful hotelier."

"What a difference between driving a truck and being Manager of a beautiful motel! My family is living in luxury and I earn a magnificent salary. Now, we will always be thankful to Lewis for the training and advice which it lets people like me enjoy the better thing in life."

Want to Retire? You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel-Motel Position Certified to "Make Good"

Here's an exciting new "second career"! With living costs making it almost impossible to retire on a small pension, income, and money with mature people and retired service personnel have turned to Lewis and you are not dropped because you are over 40. FREE BOOK GIVES FASCINATING FACTS—Our FREE Book, "Your Golden Opportunity," explains how easily you can qualify for a well-paid position. It tells how you are registered FREE in the Lewis Nationwide Placement Service; how you can be a Lewis Certified Employee—certified to "make good" when you are placed in a position! MAIL THIS COUPON NOW to Lewis Hotel Training School, Room HA-119-72, Washington 7, D. C.

Lewis Training qualifies you quickly at home in leisure time or through regular classes in Washington for well-paid ever-increasing opportunities in hotels, motels, city and country clubs, institutions, apartment house projects. Thousands of Lewis graduates from 20 to past 50 are "making good" as managers, assistant managers, secretaries, executive housekeepers, and in 51 other types of important positions. A happy, ever-growing future awaits you in this business where previous experience has proved unnecessary training as a tested and proved shrewd to EXTRA INCOME. Step into a well-paid position in Florida and you are not dropped because you are over 40. FREE BOOK GIVES FASCINATING FACTS—Our FREE Book, "Your Golden Opportunity," explains how easily you can qualify for a well-paid position. It tells how you are registered FREE in the Lewis Nationwide Placement Service; how you can be a Lewis Certified Employee—certified to "make good" when you are placed in a position! MAIL THIS COUPON NOW to Lewis Hotel Training School, Room HA-119-72, Washington 7, D. C.

Course Approved for All Veterans Training

An Accredited School of NWS

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL 46th ST. NEW YORK 18-119-72, N. Y. C.
Send me, without obligation, your FREE Book, "Your Golden Opportunity," which tells how you can qualify for a well-paid position. Please check ☐ Hotel ☐ Motel ☐ Club ☐ Restaurant ☐ Institution
Name _____ (Print Name and Address)
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

8

6

belated, another just dropping inside from the wall as he raced to get to the door. Don Guzman's voice roared fury from outside. But it was immediately drowned in the uproar from within.

Alfredo and his compatriot *blancos* were shocked enough when it came to a fight, but their weapons were not.

Jim Weston was in it with fist and knee and foot, with everything that he knew. Whack! Thud! Something hit somebody and he yelled as something broke. Hands claved blindly for throats.

Furious yells came from outside. "The door! Open the door, amigos! Lift but once the latch!"

"Hold them!" Weston gasped. "Anything but the latch. Smash!"

He felt a surge of thankfulness for that last go for the fact that he was not big man and strong. And then, quite abruptly it was finished. Men lay on the ground. Some held others. There was blood. Weston ran to the grille, inched his eyes round the corner, his gun ready, cursing vicious prayers for just a chance of forgiveness that moved.

There was nothing, of course. Only the appalling blasphemy of which the Spanish language is capable cracked and splattered over the wall. Don Guzman's voice cried: "Traid! Within there Compadre! His eyes, but once to sense. There is no need for you to embroil yourselves with Guzman of Guasmas for the sake of a couple of foreign Quips, then, then."

Weston's hot fury of battle chilled. That

was a damnable dross of propaganda that must be stopped at once. He shouted to drown it. A desperate thought, but the first practical one.

"Quick, you fellows! The ladder! Up against this wall! And, Alfredo, the scatter gun! By God, I'll mow them down."

Don Guzman's nation struggled in throaty fury. True, a head appearing over the top of the wall would offer a fine target. But a shot—gun! He wrenched a crumple of paper from his pocket and measured it flat on his hot brow.

"Pin this to the door!" he scribbled furiously.

Olca Wilkit was standing in dumb inertia beside his hat, staring coldly at the scuff of the neck, and with superb ease of paper fluttered over the wall. "Come ahead, amigos! Ligeres before that American shot dshoot!"

The riders spurred away, scant seconds to spare.

ALFREDO the *mayordomo* picked up the message and handed it to Weston. "This is for the *blancos*—the compadres, not the foreigners. Don Guzman and Guanados, whom people did not kill, had no quarrel with the help of the Hacienda Flores."

What profit was there in embroidering

themselves with him on account of just two no-account foreigners? Let them knock the gringo on the head, open the big door, and turn the girl over to him; and they would all be friends, as compadres should be; and he would promise them all their same jobs in the hacienda which he would presently legally own. All so simple and logical.

Alfredo was brutally candid. "The invitation comes just a moment late. We have already embroiled ourselves beyond adjustment."

Almost furtively he pointed out to the corners of his eyes, hating to acknowledge the thing.

One of the figures in the dust needed no holding down. It lay with its face dirt-grimed, a knife laid into its armpit.

"The devil art all!" Weston whistled through his teeth. "A good job. Which one did that?"

The men looked at it dumbly, the faces of all of them quivering with ignorance. The sweat of fear moistened the sweat of action on their foreheads. Their voices mumbled disavowal.

"It is his own knife. In the excitement—Who knows? That is the one the *Senor* so terribly hit. Perhaps the *Senor* himself. It is the *Senor* Laredo's knife, the compadre's, and his lieutenant. This will be paid for with blood."

Janice Flores was unexpectedly behind them. In one hand she held Guzman's scrawled demand; the knuckles of the other were white round the pearl handle of a small-caliber revolver.

Weston's lips pinched over something audible. He went to her.

"I'm sorry you read that," he said. She looked at him steadily. "I have known what he wanted all along."

Weston's scowl was unswerving through a long half minute. Then he grunted: "Good kid." He turned away to Alfredo. "He's up the other two gates with him in the well-house. Bring Diego into the office and stick-at-one cuts. How soon can Guzman recruit other riders?"

"As soon as he can get a message to some of his good-for-nothing friends in some of the other *ranchos*," Alfredo's hot blood remained loyal, but he was apologetic. "We will fight, *Senor*, as we now must. But if there is any money, we might buy off Laredo's killing, and—"

Without the door Olca Wilkit huddled in his pencher, miserably fingering the broken pieces of his machete.

Weston pointed toward him.

"His sense enough to carry a letter to the *teniente* of police."

"Assuredly," said Alfredo. "He is the *indio*; that is why he was promoted to the office of *isquier*. Given a direct order, he will carry it out with all the speed and intelligence of a good dog."

So Olca was called with the wall into the aloof precincts of the *blanco*'s patio that he had seldom seen and was given a direct order. He nodded. Certainly he could run with a letter, and if it might be written on the letter for whom it was, doubtless there would be some educated person in the town who could read and direct him.

"See that thou daily not," Alfredo told

him. "Stop not to rest by the way; for this must be to the hands of the *intendente* of police this very night."

Olca nodded dumbly. His only comment on the order was: "A handful of *oca* leaf would give speed to my legs." He discarded his pencher and stood in a brooch cloth, revealing thick thighs and abnormal chest expansion, the heritage of his forefathers, who had been accustomed to run for the *loca*.

The *blancos* stood hunched at the door and watched the bearer of all their hopes cross the plain. Weston's fingers left his cartridge belt as he noted the long, tireless lunge that never faltered, steadily on, well beyond rifle shot.

From beyond the screen of the acacalyptus grove that grew at the army's lip sounded horses' hooves. And presently a rider—well beyond rifle shot—came into distant view, trotting leisurely to overtake the runner. From the grove came Guzman's great bull laugh.

The *blanco* stood helpless and watched. The rider, without a word to acknowledge, leaped from his saddle, cuffed the runner about the ears, took away the note, trotted leisurely back.

"Te-shah!" Weston growled. "Smart as a devil."

Olca, more slowly, trotted back to his place beside his mud at the door. One *blanco* had given a direct order; another when it was the *Senor*'s. What did it all matter? It was the affair of the *Manos*. What mattered was his broken machete that the *blancos* had quite hopelessly smashed.

"Bottled and corked," Weston said. "Get back to from that door. Wonder they haven't taken a shot at us already. Come and sit, *Amor*!" he said. "See if we can dig any good out of talk."

Without the wall Olca Wilkit hunched on his heels in even greater despair and around miserably at the remnant of his blade. And as the square, jagged end began to shape down to a point, his despair was absolute. What medicine man would know this medicine tool for the sacrifice? Broken short, stubby, who could hope to have a sheep's neck through at one clean stroke, as the gods demanded?

What was good for nothing at all now except maybe a foolish throwing knife, like that of Thirpuz Nunez, the halfbreed. Wretched fool, even to have thought that the favor of the gods could descend upon an *indio*—just because a *blanco* had carelessly given him a machete. The favor of the gods was for those who could make their blood counted. It was for the *blancos*, who had made many blood sacrifices, who had come to the country in the first place as gods. Why couldn't they sacrifice their lives, and thereby without dragging a poor peon into the whirlwind of their course?

So, when the next raid thundered down with the night's blackness, Olca cowered against the angle of his hut and left them to their affairs.

Horses stamped around the wall and whinnied and plumed. Men jostled and fumbled and swore, secure in the darkness against the shooting of that *Amor* who for which Don Guzman had such a respect.



... that ever grow on the head of any man or woman, get every particle of its substance in one way — from the blood stream. It can no more draw its food from the surface of the skin than you can get a meal that way. Hair, to grow better, must be nourished better by what the blood stream brings it.

- Two kinds of hair-building substances are now known.
- (1) Hair foods such as cysteine, rich in essential sulphur, and
- (2) Organic catalysts, formed from certain vitamins, proteins, etc.

These activate and control the living processes which turn the hair foods into hair. For details, see our free bulletin "Reports from the Technical Journal."

Cy-B-7 Capsules for Hair contain both kinds; in fact they have almost the entire list of the most important hair-builders known today. (The sex hormones are not included, as they are unsafe for general use.)

Research scientists have shown that these substances can stimulate the growth of hair even when used separately.* Combined in the new

Cy-B-7 capsules are for the correction of common, hereditary hair-loss.

NO TROUBESOME, TIME-CONSUMING ROUTINE	NO EXPENSIVE OFFICE CALLS
You can't easily need know the special nature of your vitamin capsules, unless you tell them.	
STOP THAT BALDING TEND NOW BEFORE IT GETS MORE SERIOUS!	

BASIC REMEDIES INC., DEPT. 7A-1
283 E. Main St., Moonstown, Oregon

Send your Cy-B-7 Capsules for Hair to me immediately, under regular price. I will guarantee satisfaction or a full refund should be shipped in plain wrapper.

My Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
I have enclosed \$1.00 and \$2.00 I will pay postman \$4.85 plus postal charges. (No foreign C.O.D.s as U.S. post office is not allowed to handle them.) Full payment will be enclosed with foreign orders.)
Send free booklet on care of hair, advice on which vitamins to avoid, and "Reports from the Technical Journal" (extra page references from Physiological Reviews, Journal of Biological Chemistry and various papers).

improved Cy-B-7 formula, they have benefited thousands of hair-loss people — some slightly, some markedly, some really spectacularly.

Users of this natural method of hair improvement, BOTH MEN AND

WOMEN, have reported one or more of these benefits, generally within one to three months:

- (1) New hair on bald or thin areas.
- (2) Faster growth of hair.
- (3) More "life" (slight coarsening) in hair that had become very fine.
- (4) Prompt reduction of falling hair.
- (5) Increased waviness for those who have had some tendency toward a wave.
- (6) Feeling of well-being, livelier health and energy.

On the threshold of a **NEW POWER!**
NOW IT'S EASY TO MASTER
PSYCHIC PROPHET

Am we about to solve one of the world's greatest riddles through hypnosis? Professional hypnotists have been demonstrating regression and other earlier techniques long before the Search for Bridley began to become a best seller.

NEW POWER—NEW CONTROL
Ferozest in this field has been the acknowledged world's greatest hypnologist Juan Brandon, a blind genius, a psychic, a clairvoyant, a spiritualist, a hypnotist and author of *Successful Hypnotism* the sincerely believes that we are on the threshold of startling new discoveries which will completely alter our lives.

REPROVE THE LARER DAY
Discover how you can hypnotize the same day. It is a complete primer with all the latest techniques and the method used and proven thousands of times.

COMPLETE WITH ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES
Covers stage, medical, psychiatric and law. Includes interesting case histories. How to operate under the most difficult situations. Answers to all questions. A person he hypnotized against his will. A person he hypnotized to commit a crime! Is actual solution possible under all conditions? And hundreds of other questions.

Medical Self-Help Psychic Stage Hypnotism

NEW! JUST OUT!

ILLUSTRATED WITH 48 HOW-TO PHOTOS

LATEST FACTS!

SEND YOUR COPY NOW FOR 10 DAYS TRIAL
30 DAY TRIAL CO. Dept. 51173
43 West 51st St., New York 23

Send me a prompt refund of the purchase price if not satisfied.

☐ Send CO. \$1.00 (no postage plus charges)
☐ I enclose \$2.45 (net \$4.95) Send it prepaid.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SAVE 40% ONLY 2.45
Add postage per \$4.00
CITY 10 DAYS—MAIL

69

Continued from page 41

"I have had many messages from the occupants of flying saucers," Van Tassell revealed, "and they all tell me I must run for President." As I told him, he will certainly be able to lay claim to entering the Presidential race via a most unusual method—in fact, unique in American his-

As Van Tassel is naturally running on the "Space Platform" ticket. The platform is as yet somewhat ill-defined. But presidential candidate Van Tassel stoutly maintains that his space pals, although not able to vote as citizens of the Republic, will undoubtedly come to his aid by telepathically influencing the registered voters. It should be noted here that I, while usually avoiding personal views on politics, nevertheless have displayed on my desk a campaigner's sticker which reads "George Van Tassel for President." I have not yet received a letter after Van Tassel's appearance, and asked me point blank, "What is it for you if Van Tassel is elected President?"

I was greatly surprised and, of course, denied categorically any collusion between Van Tassell and me. However, the rumors persist, and others have the distinct impression that should Mr. Van Tassell's space people succeed in electing him President in 1964, the next Secretary of State will be another John, who will be even more far-ranging than his predecessor.

BUT in case listeners would have liked a story to top that of Presidential Candidate George Van Tassell, an excellent, though unrelated sequel was provided them. Buck Nelson, a sixty-one year old Missouri farmer, claimed in a somewhat memorable interview, that he was not only



Long John visits Otis Carr in hos-

ital and records interview for show.

As Buck told it, the night before Christmas, a few years back, a flying saucer descended on the grounds back of his farmhouse which is located in a sparsely-settled area in Pennsylvania. Now, as Buck has seen several "flying objects" previous to this occasion, he maintains he was not too greatly disconcerted by the visit. In fact, it seems he had already been sent telepathic messages of reassurance by the "space people."

His visitors announced they were from the planet Venus, and would like to help us out of some of the difficulties we seemed to have gotten ourselves into by tapping atomic power for destructive uses. After delivering their message, the occupants invited Buck aboard for a short jaunt. He accepted promptly, and soon after the space travellers whisked away without a trace.

The Venusians explained they used very different system of propulsion from rockets or such devices, which enable them to pay no attention to gravitation.

The travelers visited the Moon first and it was there Buck received an agreeable surprise.

"I hadn't heard from a nephew of mine in some time," Buck explained. "And, George, I ran into him on the Moon. He turned out he'd joined up with the Venusians and was now piloting one of the flying saucers."

him, Buck says, but their meeting was somewhat short, as much more space had to be covered, namely, trips to Mars and Venus. Both of these neighboring planets have developed high civilizations, including routine space travel, Buck informs us.

"I saw some wonderful sights," he commented, "and I was sorry to have to come back so soon." (The trip occupied the Christmas weekend.) However, to compensate for Buck's disappointment at parting, the visitors left with him their huge pet dog.

According to Buck, the dog was gentle enough and he grew quite fond of the Venusian's pet. He combed and carried him every day, a practice which the dog enjoyed very much. Buck said. However, the Venusians forgot one important thing. They forgot to mention what their must have been incredibly sequential, that a near four-hundred-pound active animal consumes a vast amount of meat daily. Unfortunately, Buck didn't have the necessary beef to feed his new pet. You might even say he had acquired something very close to a white elephant.

As my story progresses, you will learn how communicated his trouble telepathically to his Venusian friends, for they respaired shortly thereafter and took the dog back

FROM Venusian dogs to earthly snakes may seem a weird transition to most, but not to Party Line followers.

John Keel, author of the book, "Jadoo," revealed to our two million Party Lined one evening the secret of snake charming, particularly cobras. It's really very simple, according to Keel, who has made a practice of cultivating snakes, both here and abroad for quite some time.

"You play on their antagonism," he explained. "You stir them up in the basket with a stick and when they come out fighting mad and eager to bite, you start playing on your flute."

The fact that snakes can't hear the music (because they have no ears) has a small bearing on the subject, Keel claimed. "You're waving the flute, and the snake is following the movements, seeking an opportunity to strike. The music is solely

"The trick is to keep your hands out of the way of the snake when it strikes," Keel related to his horrified listeners, including me, "but of course the ideal situation is to wave your hands (with the flute) in such a pattern that the snake can't find an opportunity to strike."

You see, it's just that simple.

Keel added somewhat wistfully that the ideal situation is something similar to most goals: "I've been bitten twice and struck at many times. That's a pretty good record, unless you achieve the ultimate, as one East Indian that I know did. He's been

bitten so many times and survived that he's now immune to cobra venom. He takes any kind of chance now. It makes for a great show."

Keel said that after he was bitten he had anti-venom administered immediately, and it was almost as bad as the venom. He was terribly sick for a week or so, he relates, before resuming his snake charming activities. The anti-venom treatments, however, might possibly have saved his life, he conceded. Cobra venom is among the most potent poisons known to man.

Keel said he had given several parties in his Greenwich Village apartment, where at one time he kept his pet cobras. The men—strong men, that is—would make gestures of disgust on viewing the snakes and wouldn't go near them during the evening, no matter how much they were challenged.

"The women, on the other hand, would scream at first and make various protests. Then," Keel recounted, "but they were definitely attracted to the snakes, and after a little while would even go up and pet them while their male companions were busy themselves downing tumblers of whiskey and shrinking in the corners. Now what do you make of that?"

Hypnotism is another popular subject on the Party Line. Dr. Ernie Polans, probably

AN UNBIASED REVIEW, **FACTS!**
AND JUDGMENT OF

IN the recent case of **LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER**, Federal Judge Frederick von **MEYER** said: "Plainly 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' is offensive to the Postmaster General, and I respect his personal views. As a matter of personal opinion I disagree with him for I do not personally find the book offensive."

BANNED BOOKS
Indexed with bibliography

"INTO WHOSE HANDS"
by George J. Ryan Scott,
introduction by Dr. Albert Ellis
Marchbound, 26.00; Softbound, \$5.00; Postpaid



This first unexpurgated American edition of INTO WHOSE HANDS, containing 100,000 words, is a revealing word-picture of the most complete and graphic study of obscenity in literature! Following are excerpts of some of the reviews in this book:

KANA SUTRA by Valayutskan Kana Sutra is a young, and the Performed of the art of love, with of various postures in the of the art.	LUSTINE The characters which of the art of love, with of various postures in the of the art.	FRANK'S DREAM This is the entrance of the art of love, with of various postures in the of the art.	FRANK HARRIS'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY This is the entrance of the art of love, with of various postures in the of the art.
BESSIE COTTER Bessie Cotter's of the art of love, with of various postures in the of the art.	JULIETTE The characters which of the art of love, with of various postures in the of the art.	THE DIARY OF A DRUG FIEF This is the entrance of the art of love, with of various postures in the of the art.	THE CONFIDENTIAL UNMAKED This is the entrance of the art of love, with of various postures in the of the art.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

Literature occupies a very inferior position in the list of aphrodisiacs. There are many far more potent influences on sexual libido! Dancing exerts a powerful aphrodisiac effect; so does alcohol; so does woman's dress; so does perfume. Yet no one suggests the prohibition or suppression of any of these aphrodisiacs on the ground of its "corrupting influence" or its power of inciting sexual passion.

What is the use of censorship which suppresses *SLEEVELESS ERRAND* and *TO BEG I AM ASHAMED* while the works of *RABELAIS* and the 23rd chapter of *THE BOOK OF*

There is something ridiculous in the fact that as a result of ignorance, religious prejudice and ashamedness, the discussion of sex is singled out for censorship. Sex is not evil. On the other hand murder can be openly and freely discussed and even, by implication, eulogized.

Actually censorship is propaganda for pornography. Just as the law against abortion has created the professional abortionist, the would be put out of business by its abolition, so the obscenity law has created and stimulated the market for pornography.

Order from
your dealer or **WARON PRESS, 126 -A-79 Kensington Sta. Brooklyn 18, N.Y.**

This is a frightening thought, but highly probable.

Professor Estabrook of Colgate University, world-famous in hypnosis research, also shares this opinion. These men are hoping (but with little real hope) that the Pentagon is keeping up with the Russian research in hypnosis.

Polgar explained that him can condition a person to believe anything with a series of hypnotic suggestions. You can even cause him to commit murder by altering his moral convictions or by inducing him to believe his own moral code *demand*s the killing of a "human beast." Polgar is not alone in this observation.

Following this thesis, there is some evidence that the rulers of the Kremlin may have set out to create a body of men-robot men in a true sense—who will obey the conditioned reflexes instilled in them by hypnosis so that the Western world may not be dealing with rational human beings at all, but something like zombies. These zombies do not act in a normal manner, they are under the influence of some-thing, they are under the influence of demons.

One of the interesting and frequently

One of my most interesting and frequent

LEARN UPHOLSTERY
in your spare time
HOW TO MAKE A BUSINESS
AT HOME

FREE BOOK
Be Your Own Boss

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

UPHOLSTERY TRAINING SCHOOL
Dept. 1A-2121, 221 Broadway N.E., S.W.
Atlanta, Georgia 30303

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

FREE OUTFIT STARTS YOU IN BIG-PROFIT TAILORING BUSINESS. You Can Operate Right from Your Home.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LiLi's Fabulous 'Scantie Panties'

Presenting... HER FABULOUS

They're the greatest!

THE BARRETT NECESSITY

Sheerest 20% Nylon with contoured French mesh pattern. Perfect for street, stage or photography. Black, Red, White, Pink or Blue. Small, Medium, Large sizes. Slip line the garter. (See full ad on p. 98)

A TERRIFIC GIFT

Set of 3... \$3.98

LI LI ST. CYS. Dept. 877
8480 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

guests is Ivan T. Sanderson, the noted zoologist, author and TV personality. Sanderson's writings and observations are accorded profound respect by advanced scientists the world over; particularly those scientists not so ritualistic in their attitude that they will not allow the luxury of new, and startling ideas about man and the universe. Sanderson's books on nature are familiar to millions of readers all over the world. Not so familiar are his accounts of first-hand observations of little-known findings in archaeology and ecology, the latter term meaning the relationship of man, or animal, to his environment. You get Sanderson's exciting "off-beat" observations on Party Line and I am told, unfortunately, nowhere else.

Sanderson intends to visit the "Oregon Vortex", a spot in Oregon where things are not what they seem—that is, straight lines are not straight lines and the whole landscape appears to lean inward toward a "vortex." Even houses, trees, and in fact, all objects, including other persons and even you, appear to lean inward as though by an irresistible pull. This means that gravity isn't pulling straight down from the center of the earth (which it usually does), but is exerting "pulling pressure" from a center presumably somewhat nearer the surface of the earth.

"Optical illusion is the obvious explanation of the conventional scientists for the Oregon Vortex," Sanderson told the listeners. "However this explanation is discredited when you drop a weight—notice of string from shoulder height. It doesn't hang perpendicularly at your feet as it

ought to in addition it swings inward!" Another incredible phenomenon which Sanderson plans to investigate is the mystery of the huge, almost dinosaur-like footprints which have been found in a certain coastal area of Florida—footprints which belong to no known animal now walking the earth.

Sanderson has personally investigated the tracks, following them for a mile through the Florida swampland before they vanished in a river leading to the Atlantic Ocean. He made a plaster cast of the footprints and maintains that no animal now acknowledged to be in existence could have made them. He carefully ascertained the weight of the thing which walks the Florida swamps as well as its probable height. He measured the depth of the imprint, the composition of the earth, and the length of its stride, and presented his findings (including his plaster print cast) to various scientists. They were astounded. The footprints obviously belong to a penguin-like creature which was fifteen feet tall!

This information did not faze Sanderson in the slightest. He remembered, among other things, the coelacanth, the famous fish which scientists "knew" had been extinct for 200 million years—until it was "discovered" in the early 1950s.

Whether Sanderson obtains a specimen of his rare giant penguin—if penguin it really is—remains to be seen. He thinks it breeds in a little-known island in the Caribbean, and is sometimes mistaken for a sea serpent, that it meanders as far north as Florida, is very shy in spite of its size, nocturnal—and practically extinct, which ac-

counts for its not ever having been seen. Sanderson is not reluctant to air his theories about flying saucers, a favorite topic on the show. He has investigated flying-saucer phenomena for many years. There is undoubtedly a great deal of evidence, he told us, that flying objects of many varieties exist; that some are likely space ships from distant worlds.

"There is considerable evidence that humanoid types have landed on the earth from time to time," biologist Sanderson reported. "But their contacts with earth people have been comparatively rare and mostly accidental. They are described by some observers as being little fellows about four and one-half feet tall. Some apparently wear green uniforms. This has led to their being termed 'little green men'."

The little men seen fairly indestructible, according to Sanderson, and although bowled over by shotgun blasts, come bouncing back with no apparent ill effects, indicating a protective "force field" of some type.

He offered the fact that almost every "orthodox" scientist agrees that intelligent life must exist on a great many planets. It is interesting to note that even Dr. Donald Munzel, he famous Harvard astronomer who became even more famous in the popular mind by "debunking" flying saucers, is now admitting the belief in the existence of other intelligent life in the universe.

As for Sanderson's "little men," the majority of scientists side with him on that, though probably they will not go so far as to say they are here.

On a planet similar to earth, it is natural to assume evolution would follow the same broad general pattern and eventually produce beings of somewhat similar characteristics. For instance, hands instead of paws or paws are necessary to grasp and manipulate the tools of an advanced civilization and therefore something similar to a hand must develop. So runs the argument in defense of the "man-made" "little men" theory. It seems Hollywood is way off the universal beam with its super monsters from outer space.

DID you know that mysterious forces in the human mind are capable of moving objects, of conquering disease, of locating water and even destroying insects? Well, if you don't, you would have been told so by another of my guests, Mr. John W. Campbell, Jr.

Mr. Campbell, who is a trained scientist with a bona-fide degree in physics, insisted for several evenings on the Party Line that the mind does indeed have such physical powers.

For the present, however, these powers seem to depend on a little box-like contraption, known as the Hieronymus or "patience" machine. Incidentally, the inventor, Hieronymus, did receive a patent on his machine for its ability to differentiate various types of metals under most peculiar circumstances. The circumstances are that the metals themselves even crude ones are placed on the Hieronymus machine. The operator turns a dial with one hand and with the other, strokes a plastic or steel plate. The operator receives a definite sensation on a particular cali-

bration of the dial, depending on the particular metal. This sensation may vary from a feeling of "stickiness" to a "tingling" feeling.

Campbell claimed this is definite proof that the human brain, for the first time, can pick up the "vibrations" from an inanimate substance and translate them into definite words, "recognition patterns," through feeling. Campbell then related an even more weird and unbelievable example of the powers of the human brain working through the patience machine.

An orchard was heavily infested with Japanese beetles. Now anyone having a garden knows what stubborn pests they are and how difficult they are to exterminate. Mr. Campbell told how a team, armed with nothing more than patience machines went through the orchard—and presto, the beetles disappeared. The Department of Agriculture was extremely interested until it was informed of the procedure of the bug infestation.

The orthodox scientists working at the Department of Agriculture could not, of course, admit the power of the human mind might possibly destroy the beetles. It is interesting to note that in this century at least, cursed as we are with so-called orthodoxy which poses in the name of science. It is not science when scientists are forced to admit concrete, irrefutable evidence."

As you can discern, there's plenty of adventure on the Party Line. You might say that the Party Line is the future of science, as well as the strange and the unknown. Even our engineers get into the mood. Most people think of radio engineers, if they think of them at all, as being those faceless, colorless guys who push buttons and keep the station on the air.

But there's Al Nilson, who works the show. For the past twenty years, he and his wife have lived on their Chinese junk, the Amoy, which is now anchored just outside New York City. Al bought the Amoy in defense of his "patience" and "little men" theory. It seems Hollywood is way off the universal beam with its super monsters from outer space.

DID you know that mysterious forces in the human mind are capable of moving objects, of conquering disease, of locating water and even destroying insects? Well, if you don't, you would have been told so by another of my guests, Mr. John W. Campbell, Jr.

Mr. Campbell, who is a trained scientist with a bona-fide degree in physics, insisted for several evenings on the Party Line that the mind does indeed have such physical powers.

For the present, however, these powers seem to depend on a little box-like contraption, known as the Hieronymus or "patience" machine. Incidentally, the inventor, Hieronymus, did receive a patent on his machine for its ability to differentiate various types of metals under most peculiar circumstances. The circumstances are that the metals themselves even crude ones are placed on the Hieronymus machine. The operator turns a dial with one hand and with the other, strokes a plastic or steel plate. The operator receives a definite sensation on a particular cali-

MAKE YOUR HOME WORKSHOP PAY OFF
in spare time or full time income

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE REPAIR

Set up your ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE REPAIR shop in YOUR HOME and make good money. No big investment or costly equipment required. All you need is a kitchen sink, some time and N.T.S. easy Home Training in Electrical Appliance Repair.

Now, you can turn spare hours into cash profit by repairing any home appliances—from toasters, electric irons to washing machines, vacuum cleaners and more. No need for your own workshop. Here's your big chance to get into business for yourself on a full-time or part-time basis, doing work you really enjoy. Or take a higher-pay job with an appliance manufacturer or large service company.

JUST LIST FROM US! WE'LL TRAIN YOU

N.T.S. will provide you the money home training you need to handle all appliance repair jobs... including a professional Appliance Technicians course. No previous experience necessary. Fully illustrated. (See Photo) N.T.S. proved effective training is complete, practical, shop tested. You can start your own business with no additional cost to earn while you learn. Pay for your course with spare time profits.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. U.S.A.

FREE BOOK AND ACTUAL LESSON

Read about the unlimited opportunities to learn how to make money, practical and complete new training in your own home. Write for your free copy of the book and lesson to National Technical Schools, 800 S. FIDELITY ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

THE PIPE SMOKER'S DREAM COME TRUE

Every Pipeful
Proves . . .

the value of
DR. PHILIP'S PIPE!

- NO BREAKING IN!
- READY-MADE CASK!
- DOUBLE COOLING ACTION!
- CANNOT BURN THROUGH!
- FEATHER-WEIGHT!
- FLAT BASE, WILL NOT TIP!
- FINEST QUALITY IMPORTED BRIAR!
- INTERCHANGEABLE CERAMIC FILTER BOWLS!

The ideal pipe for the STEADY SMOKER and especially the NEW SMOKER. Smokes dryer, cooler, cleaner. Ceramic bowls are interchangeable. Each pipe comes with FOUR extra bowls!

SNORTH SMOKE MODEL ONLY \$4.50
LONG SMOKE MODEL ONLY \$5.00
(Both come with four extra bowls)

If not satisfied that this is the most amazing pipe you have ever owned, return within ten days and your money will be refunded!

QUALITY BAZAAR

Box 683 Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me postpaid: Dr. Philip's Pipe, 1 casing & 4 bowls. I will enclose the cost of the pipe I have checked below.

☐ SHORT SMOKE MODEL plus 4 EXTRA BOWLS **\$4.50**

☐ LONG SMOKE MODEL plus 4 EXTRA BOWLS **\$5.00**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

(Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

realize that he'd been left high and dry on the bench.

The first Mountaineer batter looked at one of Bobo's sinkers, and then cut at a slow look. He rapped the ball hard on the ground over toward Eddie's left, and Eddie skipped over mechanically, made his pick-up, and flipped to first for the out. It wasn't too bad a game. The Marten and Mountaineer veterans were slow, and their reflexes were bad, and the kids on both sides were eager and over anxious, but it was fairly good baseball, a lot better than Eddie had expected.

Bobo gave the Mountaineers a run in the second. Then Eddie, himself, came up to the plate, with a Marten runner on second and two away. He tied up the score by pushing a sharp single into right. He made the kid Mountaineer pitcher give him that wild ball he wanted by standing wide of the plate himself, and then stepping over when the kid put it on the outside corner.

The Marten crowd gave him a hand after that single, and Bobo McCord whooped on the bench. Eddie stole second on the first pitch. It had been a long time since he'd stolen a base. He couldn't resist this, however. The Mountaineer pitcher practically gave him the base by tipping off his throw. Eddie started to run when the pitcher shifted his left foot as inch to throw the pitch, and Eddie was off. He made the base with a long, easy slide.

He died there, but the Marten crowd gave him a big hand as he went out to his position to start the third. The Marten was deadlocked, a run apiece, going into the fourth, and then the Mountaineers pushed over another on Bobo McCord. They were threatening now runs when Tommy Winslow and Eddie Stanton pulled off a lightning double play to retire the side.

It was a two to one game for the Mountaineers going into the sixth. The end of the sixth Eddie came up again with runners on the bases—first and second, this time. He swung and hit a home run in deep left and both runners scored. Eddie taking second on the hit.

He felt good, standing there with this

crowd of about twelve hundred yelling, and then he realized that it was silly. The Mountaineer second baseman drifted over toward him and said laconically, "What he'd kept you up all night, you belong. Stanton. You're not going to do us any good in this league."

Eddie smiled, but he was thinking. *Here's where I belong, Jack!* Maybe he could open a restaurant, too, or a bar and grill. He could hang his spikes over the bar mirror, along with the glove he'd used in the Series. He could have as his insignia a baseball cap and mask, rampant on a field of crossed bats. He was getting corny now, and he knew it, and the Mountaineer pitcher nearly picked him off second base. He died there, but the score was three to two for the Marten, and he was the big man of the day with three runs batted in.

BOBO McCord's trick stuff wasn't breaking the way it should, and the Mountaineers took off on him the next two innings, hitting the ball hard, but usually straight at Marten fielders.

Twice Eddie went very deep for hard smashes which were heading for right field. With the bases loaded and two away he went after another line drive going through the hole between first and second. Crossing the ball down with these blows after a desperate lunge, he picked it up and whipped it over to the first baseman for the putout, retiring the side.

The Mountaineers tried to score in either inning, but not because of Bobo McCord's effectiveness. The big fellow was throwing everything he had, giving it the old college try and the half extra. Bobo gave to every task at hand.

Watching him, Eddie Stanton could see that he had nothing, nothing but a dead arm and a few meager glances in the sack. He'd been the pumped kid who'd been given everything—a high-paying managerial position at the age of twenty-five, two other clubs to manage before he was thirty-five, always big salaries because he had much natural ability. And because all the breaks hadn't come his way, he was contemplating suicide.

Bobo was saying, "We gotta beat these clucks. Eddie." "I know," Eddie said. "Give it to them, Bobo." He turned and trotted back to his position, and he stood there, playing deep for the double-play ball, watching Bobo McCord scraping the dirt around the rubber.

HE wondered why he hadn't seen it before. Baseball had been good to him all his life. Even now at the end of the road as an active big league player he was still managing, with a fair chance that he'd be recalled in the big time for his second try.

Eddie kicked away a pebble. He moved in a step, and then he moved back two steps to the edge of the grass. He watched Bobo McCord take his position as the field catcher and then go up on the rubber. There was a big kick and the swing of that dead arm.

Bobo had, the very best, and the batter slashed it on the ground toward short.

The batter lay the bunt down along the third base line, and the kid on third bob-

led it, putting runs on first and second with none away. Bobo McCord only grined at the third baseman, who was very disgusted with himself.

Another bunt was up, and the Mountaineer batter pitched it toward first. Eddie covered the sack and the first baseman made the play to him for the out, advancing the runners to second and third. Bobo McCord looked at Eddie for instructions, and Eddie held up four fingers, a sign for him to pass the batter and work for the double play. Bobo threw four balls outside and the batter trotted down to first to fill the bases.

Eddie walked in toward the box. Bobo was patting the pocket bag, studying the batter thoughtfully, and Eddie said to him, "How about it, Bobo?" "I'll get him," Bobo McCord said, "an I'll get the next guy, too."

Eddie Stanton looked at him, a queer feeling going through him. Those were the identical words big Bobo had used eleven years ago in the big Series of the whole country listening in. The circumstances had changed, but the redhead had not. He meant it just as much now as he'd meant it then. He'd just as much as made a try this afternoon before twelve hundred Miahwaka fans as he had before fifty-five thousand spectators with another forty million listening in.

The size of the audience meant nothing to Bobo McCord, nor the calibre of the players. In any league, on any sandlot, the redhead would be faded to all he had always the extra bit which the truly great performers had.

Looking at him there with that dead arm, the scores fat around the middle, pulled in tight by the belt, the thinning red hair, and the old fire in those pale blue eyes, Eddie Stanton felt the shame and his own meager contribution to the sack. He'd been the pumped kid who'd been given everything—a high-paying managerial position at the age of twenty-five, two other clubs to manage before he was thirty-five, always big salaries because he had much natural ability. And because all the breaks hadn't come his way, he was contemplating suicide.

Bobo was saying, "We gotta beat these clucks. Eddie." "I know," Eddie said. "Give it to them, Bobo." He turned and trotted back to his position, and he stood there, playing deep for the double-play ball, watching Bobo McCord scraping the dirt around the rubber.

HE wondered why he hadn't seen it before. Baseball had been good to him all his life. Even now at the end of the road as an active big league player he was still managing, with a fair chance that he'd be recalled in the big time for his second try.

Eddie kicked away a pebble. He moved in a step, and then he moved back two steps to the edge of the grass. He watched Bobo McCord take his position as the field catcher and then go up on the rubber. There was a big kick and the swing of that dead arm.

Bobo had, the very best, and the batter slashed it on the ground toward short.

years for 1/30th the cost of diamonds!

authentic
Capra Gems
"more dazzling than diamonds"
... hand-cut, hand-polished, hand-selected

Get full facts FREE on the most amazing discovery by modern science — CAPRA GEMS. A miracle of science described in recent issues of Saturday Evening Post and Reader's Digest. They're more dazzling than diamonds. Yet cost much less. CAPRA GEMS' refractive quality is actually higher than diamonds. Brilliance beautiful, dazzling. CAPRA GEMS are hand-cut, hand-polished and hand-selected.

... priced within the reach of all who love fine gems. A 1-carat diamond stone costs you approximately \$1200. A comparable choice selected, 1-carat CAPRA GEM is yours for \$27. Federal law included and can be bought on small easy payments.

GET THE FACTS NOW! — You'll receive illustrated booklet showing a wide selection of men's and women's rings. Gives full details, including prices and settings. — shows all CAPRA GEMS actual size. Limited supply.

to send today without delay. No charge, no obligation.

Get all the facts on CAPRA GEMS — more dazzling than diamonds

Send No Money! Mail Today

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NAME _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NAME _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NAME _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NAME _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NAME _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NAME _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NAME _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Tommy Winslow had to make a little run for it, and he was nervous.

Eddie Stanton had watched the bad throw and he was not disappointed. He didn't think it would be quite as bad as it was, though. It was very wide and very low, on the wrong side of the mound, in a gloved side where it should have been.

Lunging forward, reaching with his bare hand, Eddie grasped the ball, kept his spikes on the bag a moment or a second, and then he pitched forward on his face, completely off balance after that strenuous effort.

He was lying in the dust when the ball reached the first baseman, a perfect toss, and the runner was out. The crowd roared. The runner's foot came down on the sack. Bobo McCord was yelling happily as he raced out to help Eddie up. Tommy Winslow came over grinning, and they ran to the dugout together.

"What a play!" Bobo whooped. "What a guy!"

The Miahwaka crowd was still yelling when Eddie sat down on the bench. He didn't say much. He sat there, looking out across the field.

Bobo McCord had had that one run lead through the ninth inning, and they left the field with a three to two win. The twelve hundred Miahwaka fans went home to their supper and their beds.

Eddie Stanton took his shower in the dressing room, and when he came out he

dressed very slowly. He was adjusting his tie, the dressing room nearly empty when Bobo came over to him. The redhead had been chatting with a friend over near the door.

Eddie could hear the slow drip of water in the shower across the hall. A few of the Marten players were at the other end of the room, chatting, their voices low, indistinct.

Bobo said, "A great game, kid. You ain't lost much."

Eddie said, "What's the name of that fellow in the real estate business, Bobo?" "Belle O'Neil," Bobo told him. "Nice guy."

They were all nice, great guys to Bobo McCord.

Eddie Stanton said, "I want to talk to him. Think I'll look around a little, Bobo. I'm not sure, yet, whether I'll buy or rent a place. I'll wait till Marge gets here."

Bobo looked at him curiously and said, "Thought he wasn't coming," he said. Eddie moistened his lips.

"I think she'll come," he murmured. "I'm calling her, long distance tonight, Bobo."

"Sure," Bobo nodded. "Great. She'll like Miahwaka, Eddie." He paused, and then he said, "You do you think of the town, kid, honestly?"

Eddie Stanton reached for his coat, and then he glanced at his reflection in the mirror on the wall. He said softly, "A man can learn a lot in a town like Miahwaka, Bobo. I'm going to—like it fine."

A black and white photograph showing a pair of socks and a small electronic device. The socks are light-colored with dark stripes at the top and bottom. The device is a small, dark, rectangular box with a coiled wire attached to it.

The image shows two vinyl records and a promotional card. The records are black with white labels. The card is white with black text and features a small image of a man in a suit.



**OPPORTUNITIES
FOR YOU**
For ad rates, write
9 S. Clellon, Chicago 6

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES
LEARN CIVIL AND CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION AT SCIENCE, ENVIRONMENT, AND SOCIETY (SES) CENTER, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, SPRINGFIELD, ILL. 62761. ADVANCE YOUR KNOWLEDGE AND SKILLS IN THE FIELD OF INVESTIGATION. OCCUPATIONS UNLIMITED, 1100 RIVER, SANTA CLARA, ILL. 62450.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
POEMS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY for Songs and Records. Our office is best. Rush Poems. Songwriters, 6145-D Ackland, Raleigh, N.C. 27605.

WANTED: SONGS, SONGPOEMS, Radio Exploitation, Journals: Co-Operative Publishers, Capistrano Beach 9, Calif.
POEMS NEEDED FOR songs. Rush poems. Crown Music, 10000 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 100, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210.

YOU'RE drawn to Magnetic Cards. Play any card game where regular cards can't be used because of wind, tilt, etc.—even a bridge dummy sticks. In winds up to 30 mph. Plastic coated to resist water, etc. The vinyl case-board 15x21". Deck and case, \$7.98; 2 decks and case, \$10.98; extra decks \$2.98 each ppd. Add 35¢ postage. Gifts for Giving, Dept. A, 2511 W. York St., Philadelphia 32, Pa.

**YOU CAN GET \$116
FOR ONLY 59 LINCOLN PENNIES**

Coin collecting is lots of fun and may pay off! This 1st coin penny album (B1) is worth \$119.200 or more when properly completed. Score coins are easy to find, others are harder to find. ALL ARE AVAILABLE. Fill spaces with 50 pennies, 10 dimes and 5 stars found in albums. Save other coins worth hundreds of dollars. All information plus hobby catalog is sent with 1st album. Send \$1 today: CENTRE COIN CO., 5 Centre St., Minneapolis 21, N.Y.

CUT-TO-FIT HOMES CU

CHOICE OF 57 DESIGNS

PRICED FROM \$2295 UP

FIVE EASY-PAYMENT PLANS

INTERNATIONAL MILL & LUMBER CO.

SPECIAL OFFER! Limited Supply

**PEARL
HANDLE
SIX SHOOTER**

With top grain cowhide
Black Leather Holster
with belt
\$19.95

Choice of 38 S&W or 45 ACP Caliber,
made, all steel, .30 rds., fifth
round .45 dropped for C.O.D. 10 day
money back gear. Shipped F.O.B. Colver by.

WEAPONS, INC.
929 Washington Blvd., Culver City 127, Calif.

COSTS UP TO 40%

GO DIRECT FROM MILL. Eliminate all between overhead, profit and labor costs. Nothing to plan or figure. Complete with all lumber, hardware, paint, nails, glass, roofing, etc. Sterling Home quality material throughout. Freight paid most areas. Write today. 25c for illustrated, color catalog, floor plans and details.

FRED CO. Box City, Minn. DEPT. 12-20

CHOICE OF 57 DESIGNS

PRICED FROM \$2295 UP

FIVE EASY-PAYMENT PLANS

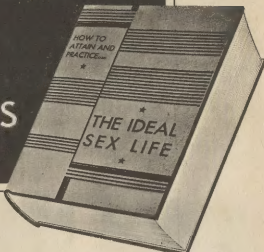
INTERNATIONAL MILL & LUMBER CO.

FRED CO. Box City, Minn. DEPT. 12-20

Married Happiness Can Last Forever
with these

SEX INSTRUCTIONS

For Adults Only



by DR. J. RUTGERS

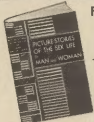
70 Simply Written Frank Chapters!

Readers of this all-complete book (one of the largest on married sex practice) have learned so much more than they thought possible! Practically every type of married sex problem and every age is individually treated. Shows how to carry out the detailed instructions. Experience the supreme satisfaction of a longer, happier married sex life and abolish the dangers of wrong sex notions. 150,000 illuminating words help establish the necessary desired cooperation between husband and wife. One of the most up-to-date books, the latest improvements, methods, etc., that should be known. This treasure is yours now for only \$2.98 (originally \$6.00).

Partial Contents of "Ideal Sex Life"

- Modern methods of sex hygiene —for male and female sex organs.
- Latest sex discoveries for improving sexual practice.
- Role of husband and wife in the sex act.
- Reactions of man and woman compared.
- The perfect sex act.
- Step by step plan for wedding night and honeymoon.
- Avoiding harmful mistakes of newlyweds and older married couples.
- "Rejuvenation treatments" for increasing sex potency of man and woman.
- What causes the sexual urge.
- Sex attraction and art of courtship for woman, man.
- Modern art of mutual sex satisfaction.
- Natural birth control.
- Foreign sex practices.
- Attaining Pregnancy.
- Ideal sex techniques and methods for satisfactory sex act.
- Overcoming frigidity in woman.
- Preventing dangers of children's sex life.
- Art of love for different ages and types of men and women.
- Advice for aged married people.
- Attaining the greatest satisfaction in sex life.
- 4 kinds of sexual satisfaction.
- Avoiding too much or too little sex life.
- Overcome physical hindrances for ideal sex practice.
- Avoiding dangerous sex relations.
- Degeneracy factors of sex.
- The male and female sex organs.
- Strengthening man's sex virility and sex control towards ideal mutual climax.
- Importance of caresses, embraces for ideal sex life.
- Sources of Disease.
- Sex act regarding change of life, pregnancy.
- The problem of self-satisfaction.
- Sexual Case Histories.
- How to treat abnormal cases.
- Art of choosing a mate for ideal married sex life.
- Plus many more enlightening chapters—every one in simple frank words!

FREE Picture Book



317 Illustrations of YOURS free

With order of "The Ideal Sex Life" we give you FREE "Picture Stories of the Sex Life of Man and Woman." 317 illustrations with detailed explanations of the sexual side of the human body.

- Natural birth control charts.
- Facts to know on bridal night.
- Sex organs illustrated and explained.
- Women's change of life, menstruation.
- Calendar showing days of Fertility—Sterility.
- How sex system of man and woman works.
- The structure of female body.
- Pictures how pregnancy takes place.
- How sex vitality is produced in man, woman.
- Unusual cases, and hundreds more...

Read Both Books Without Buying

VALA PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 5-388
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Mail me "THE IDEAL SEX LIFE" in plain wrapper marked "personal," with FREE GIFT (\$7.00 VALUE COMPLETE). I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage on delivery. If not satisfied within 5 days, I can return books and money will be refunded. I am over 21.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
() Check here if you desire to make delivery note by enclosing only \$2.98 with coupon, order same return box guarantee.
(CANADIAN ORDERS \$2.98, NO C.O.D.'S)

BUY BELOW WHOLESALE!

Only for the man who wants
a business of his own!!



✓NO INVESTMENT
IN MERCHANDISE!
✓NO EXPERIENCE
NEEDED!

8 Get details about
FREE IMPORTS
Mail coupon today.

I limit this offer to
serious-minded men
and women who want to
start a big profit
home business. If you
are ready, act now!



SEND NO MONEY!
I show you how to get these bargains
and hundreds others direct
from overseas
suppliers.

B. L. Mellinger, Jr.,
Director

OTHERS HAVE REAPED
FABULOUS PROFITS!
Prove to yourself you can make big profits too!
Send for Free Book showing how others have
followed my plan to success. No cost, no obligation.

MELLINGER CO., Dept. D1121, 1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles 25, Calif.

Start your own
big profit business
with hundreds of
bargains like this...

TAPE RECORDER For Only \$10.51 COMPLETE

Records • Plays Back • Erases
Rewinds • Built-in Speaker
Needs No Outside
Power

with SPEAKER,
MICROPHONE,
TAPE, REELS,
ETC.

And this is only one of hundreds of import
bargains you can get to make fan-
tastic profits of 200% and more... HERE
ARE EXAMPLES OF HIGH PROFIT
IMPORTS.

Transistor Radio	\$3.02
Derringer pistol	5.74
Star Sapphire ring	6.00
Cigarette lighter	1.17
16mm camera, mag. load	2.30
Electric food mixer	1.66
Electric razor	3.40
Seventeen-jewel watch	2.87
Tailor-Made silk suit	17.50
Binoculars	1.00
Teakwood chest	.90

DISCOVER THE SECRETS OF IMPORT!

See what to buy — how to buy it at rock bottom prices.
Cut out middle-man profits! Buy direct from manufacturers
abroad. Thousands of items available.

This is a BIG-MONEY BUSINESS

you can start in your spare time!

Whatever you now do for a living — whether you have your own business or
work for someone else, importing offers you profits beyond your wildest
dreams. You need no experience! You need no capital investment! You don't
even have to pay for merchandise in advance. And the profits are all yours
because you deal direct with overseas suppliers. When I give you my secrets
of Import profits, I reveal everything you need to know. When you realize
that over 30 million dollars changes hands every year in Import-Export,
you can easily see there is room for hundreds of beginners
in this big profit home business.

When you buy right, you make money!
Get Free Plan! Mail Coupon Today!

The Mellinger Co., Dept. D1121
1554 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Los Angeles 25, California

Send me complete Free information about how I can start a
business of my own. Show me how I can get bargains like
these and thousands more direct from overseas suppliers.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

RUSH
Coupon for
FREE
DETAILS!

MAKE BIG MONEY

with 100%
**WATERPROOF
LEATHER
BOOT**

**Make \$10 To \$75 — As Much As \$250 Monthly
Extra in Your Spare Time!**

Imagine being able to offer a leather boot that guarantees dry feet even when you're sloshing through ankle deep water or mud! This is no ordinary boot where the leather is simply waterproofed. This is the Mason 100% *watertight, leakproof boot* with the VULCANIZED seams and the water-shedding, "breathing" leather construction. (It's the same proven Vulcanizing principle used in the manufacture of tires, so you know it keeps water out.) And what a demonstrator! You can actually set these boots in water and leave them there 'til your sales talk is over. Then clinch the sale by inviting the prospect to feel inside. They're absolutely dry! This new Mason discovery means a mountain of cash profits for you. Men everywhere, in dozens of occupations, have wanted just such a boot for years. Postmen, lumberjacks, fishermen, hunters, farmers, sportsmen, delivery men, the building trades—anyone who spends much time outdoors will buy these boots on sight.



NEW MYSTERY SHOE JUST ONE OF MANY PROFITMAKERS

Still more profits await you with Mason's amazing Mystery shoe—remarkable shoe that "ties" without laces, slips on and off like magic. You can make \$10 to \$75, as much as \$250 extra, in your spare time, on this one sensational new Mason product alone! Your Mason Shoe Line includes literally dozens of these outstanding shoe discoveries.

230 FAST SELLING STYLES—PLUS WARM JACKETS

Mason gives you the opportunity to offer 230 different dress, sport, work shoe styles for men and women. You draw on huge warehouse stock—a quarter million pairs of shoes in sizes all the way from 2½ to 15... extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE. You offer selection no store can equal, because you have the resources of a whole warehouse behind you! And, for extra profits, you get to sell the famous Mason Line of warm Jackets!

Send for FREE Starting Outfit

Mail the postage-free card today. It will bring you FREE Starting Business Outfit featuring the complete Mason Line including 100% Waterproof Boot, Mystery Shoe, 230 other Shoe and Jacket styles in full color. You get 10-second Air Cushion Demonstrator; "How-To-Make-Big-Money" Booklet; valuable Sales Aids—in fact, EVERYTHING you need to start cashing in on the big market for Mason extra comfort shoes. Mail that card now while the opportunity in your area is still open.



FILL OUT CARD TODAY
Get Mason's FREE Selling Outfit Postpaid

MASON SHOE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. H-106, Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

FROM:

YOUR NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....



BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

First Class Permit No. 1, Sec. 34.9, P. L. & R., Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

Postage will be paid by

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.

Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Dept. H-106